

THE AMERICAN

LEGION

MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY

1946



WE CAN HAVE INDUSTRIAL PEACE

THREE LEADERS TELL HOW

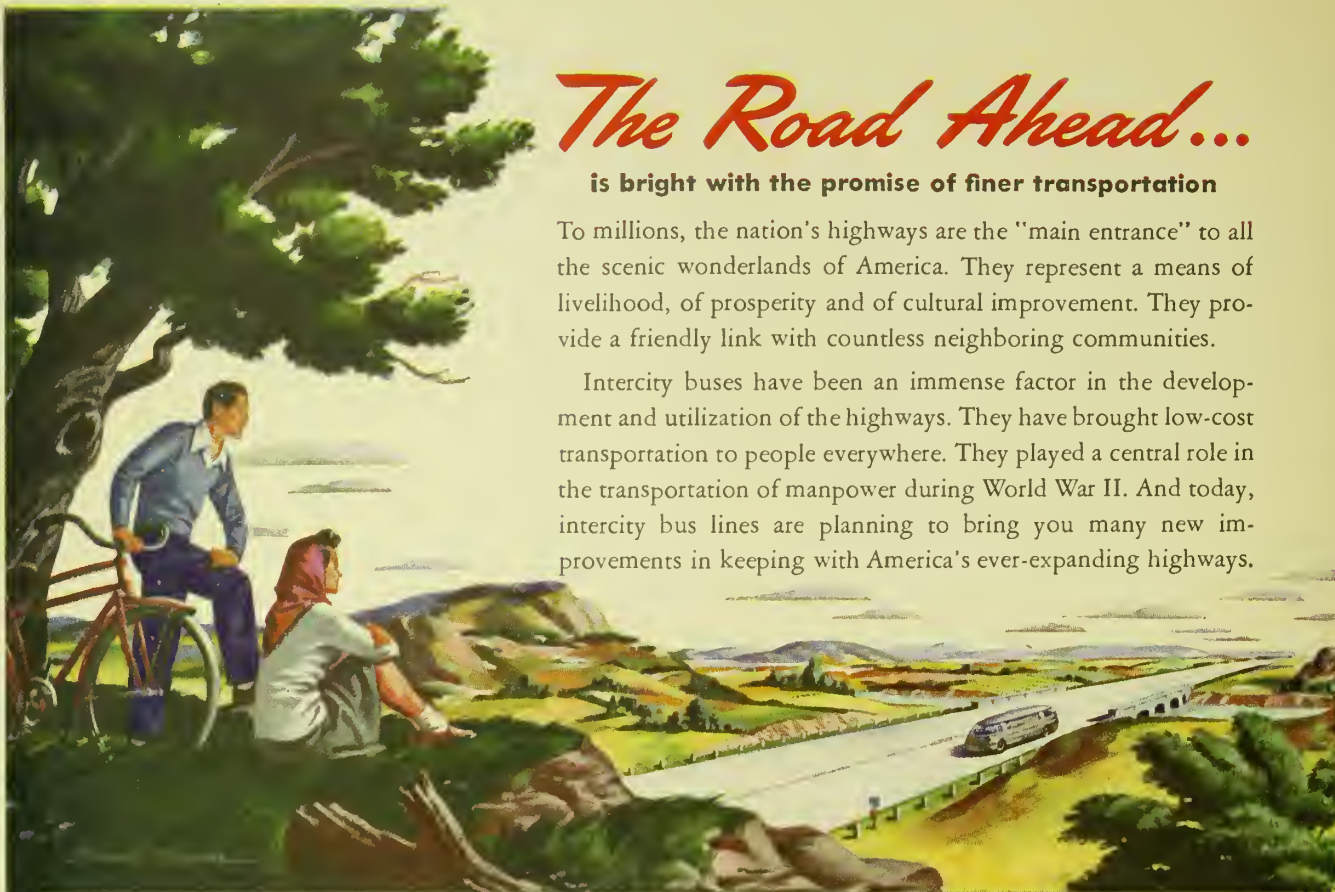


The Road Ahead...

is bright with the promise of finer transportation

To millions, the nation's highways are the "main entrance" to all the scenic wonderlands of America. They represent a means of livelihood, of prosperity and of cultural improvement. They provide a friendly link with countless neighboring communities.

Intercity buses have been an immense factor in the development and utilization of the highways. They have brought low-cost transportation to people everywhere. They played a central role in the transportation of manpower during World War II. And today, intercity bus lines are planning to bring you many new improvements in keeping with America's ever-expanding highways.



PLEASURE TRAVEL BY BUS will make vacation areas and isolated beauty spots more readily accessible than ever before. Business travelers will enjoy new efficiency and economy through faster and more frequent bus service to cities and towns everywhere.



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The continued cooperation of regulatory and legislative bodies with the motor bus industry will promote the greatest usefulness of the highways for all the people.

THE AMERICAN
LEGION
MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1946
VOL. 40 • NO. 2



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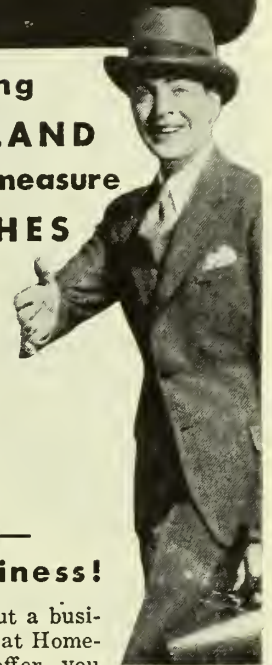
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TO GO INTO BUSINESS
FOR YOURSELF

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Family*

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THE EDITORS' CORNER



THE funny looking character whose picture appears at the top of this column is the latest addition to our editorial staff. We call him Eddie The Editor (which isn't his real name at all), and according to current make-up schedules you'll be seeing a lot more of him in the future. It might interest you to know, while we're on this subject, that Eddie somehow manages to accomplish about twice as much as any of the rest of us around here.

We'd like to point out, however, that Eddie isn't the only addition to the magazine. You may have noticed those short items which began appearing on our back pages last month, and the hints to returning GI's who are having trouble locating the right kind of civilian clothes. (See *Dress It Up*, which appeared in January, and *Racy Items in Men's Wear* page 34 of this issue.) Those are the forerunners of a number of changes which are designed to keep pace with the swing to peacetime living.

The Contents Page, for instance, has been completely done over by our art department with an eye toward easier reading. Future plans call for peppier fiction, more and better cartoons, and a host of other improvements in both content and make-up.

You'll probably get a better idea of what we're trying to do when you remove the mailing wrapper from your copy of the forthcoming March issue and take a look at the first in our new series of covers. When we first decided to change the cover style we asked some of the nation's outstanding artists to let us see samples of the kind of cover they thought would be best suited for this magazine. They turned in a total of 25 drawings representing five entirely different cover types. The natural thing was to let our readers select the ones they liked best, so we sent them out to various sections of the country and asked some two thousand ex-servicemen to pick their favorite. You'll get a chance to see the result, beginning with the cover on the March issue.

Stuttering Schulberg

Budd Wilson Schulberg, who wrote *Don't Think About McGovern* (page 12) was born in New York City in 1914. He tells us that he started stuttering, reading and writing at a very early age, and that he moved to Hollywood when he was six years old. However, it wasn't until he had graduated from Los Angeles High School and returned East for a four-year stretch at Dartmouth College, that he finally landed a writing job in Hollywood—a job in the story department of Selznick Pictures. He did some short story writing on the side and later turned out a highly controversial book called *What Makes Sammy Run?* At this writing he's a Navy lieutenant stationed in Germany, where he gathered the background material for *McGovern*.

The Humes of Millinocket

It has come to our attention that the Donald V. Henry Post up in Millinocket, Maine, boasts a one-hundred percent family of Legionnaires. Both Robert M. Hume and his wife, Mrs. Blanche T. Hume, served in WWI (Mrs. Hume was a nurse), and their two sons, Robert M. Hume, Jr. and William T. Hume, currently are in service overseas. All four are members of the Millinocket Post, of which Mrs. Hume is a Past Commander.

Groth Is Back and Gone Again

John Groth dropped by the office shortly after his return from Europe, where he covered the Allied drive across France and Germany for us. Sporting a very fancy beard and loaded down with stories on the sidelights of the war (which he tells in his own inimitable manner), Groth paused briefly before taking off on a lecture tour. Next we heard he was back in town, exhibiting his pictures at the Associated American Artists' Gallery over on Fifth Avenue, and putting the finishing touches on his book, *Studio Europe*. By the time it appeared he was off again, this time to Mexico.

Before abandoning Groth south of the border we'd like to quote briefly from Ernest Hemingway's introduction to *Studio Europe*. Hemingway describes Groth as looking more like a good artist than any good artist he has ever known. "If John had made them [the drawings in the book] from any closer up front he would have had to have sat in the Krauts' laps," he said. "None of us understood the sort of shorthand he sketched in. Most of us thought he was crazy. All of us liked him. All of us respected him. It was a very great pleasure to find what fine drawings they were when we finally got to see them."

Next Month

We think you'll like the line-up for next month.

Leading off is an article by Phil Ault on what the English newspapers print about

the United States. Then there's a story by L. Stanley Marshall about a tough night club owner who discovered he was a softie at heart; an article by E. B. Mann in which he advises returning GI's on the proper handling of the Japanese and German guns they brought back home as souvenirs; and a comprehensive survey of the job possibilities in filling stations and garages, by Alvin Goldstein.

Harry Lever and Joseph Young team up to give veterans some timely tips on the large assortment of gyms and swindles that the crooks have developed especially for discharged GI's. Lou Berg thinks vaudeville is coming back, but in its new form you'll hardly recognize it. It's called "variety" now, according to Mr. Berg, and its rising popularity will be directly traceable to the entertainment-whetted appetites of servicemen who served overseas.

If you're wondering what effect that case of malaria you contracted during the war will have on your future life, then Sid Levy's malaria article should be on your *must* list. And when it comes to the question of whether veterans who commit crimes should be entitled to special consideration, Judge J. M. Braude of Chicago has an answer. Roberta Rose is the author of this provocative article.

In the nation's capital an ex-Marine named Sid Bertram is teaching disabled veterans how to make pipes. Bertram's common-sense plan, as described by David Stick, calls for two years of apprenticeship after which the disabled veterans are given a choice of opening their own pipe shops in carefully selected cities or remaining as journeymen pipe makers in the Washington factory.

You'll also find an unusual article by Greta Palmer on General Chennault's departure from China; a story by Arr Carlson about an exciting birling match in which a character called *The Chipmunk* tries out some old tricks on a new generation; as well as other interesting articles and features which we hope you'll like.

Life Membership



General Jonathan Wainwright receives a life membership card in the Hewitt J. Swearingen Post, Kansas City, Mo., from Post Commander Wilmer Netherton.



All other things being equal, the man with a smoother Barbasol Face is likely to be in #1 favor with the ladies. That's Barbasol — America's #1 shave for speed and ease and soothing comfort.

Try this superfine shaving cream *now* and be convinced that Barbasol is facially yours—all ways!

Tubes or jars. Large size 25¢. Giant size 50¢. Family size 75¢.



FLORSHEIM SHOES

...worth waiting for



FLORSHEIM quality has always stood for longer wear between pairs! Today that means Florsheim wearers are better able to weather the wait 'til their new shoes come in. That's why they agree, "Florsheim Shoes are worth waiting for."

Most Styles \$10.50 and \$11

Florsheim  **Shoes**

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Service Slangage

THE strange, colorful language of the GI is beginning to acquire civilian status. Already we hear many of the servicemen's pet words and phrases in common use, and eventually a few will become an accepted part of the language. Some of them, however, are likely to be forgotten or distorted from their original meanings, and to prevent this The American Legion Magazine has started to compile expressions of World War II. A few are presented here and readers are invited to send in others which will be published from time to time.

big ticket—honorable discharge
ruptured (or pregnant) duck—discharge emblem

banging ears—conference of a sort with an implication of sycophancy

eight-balls—unfortunates who get off on the wrong foot and stay there

pogey-bait—candy or sweets
survey—looked over in order to be discarded. Old clothes are surveyed before being replaced. A person wanting a survey is trying to get out of service

T.S.—can be described as "tough situation," which is close enough
slop-chute—a saloon or tavern
boondocks—wooded or swampy ground

B.T.O.—big time operator, hot-shot

salty—sophisticated; one who knows the ropes. Applied also to articles of clothing which show the owner has been places
casuals—people of uncertain status who aren't exactly in and who certainly aren't out

lash-up—quarters of any sort, situation

gizmo—a thing (or person) whose proper name you don't know
skivvies—underwear

scuttlebutt—rumors, more or less vague

stateside—the U.S.A.

chicken—a young or puny serviceman

squeeze it off—putting gentle pressure on a trigger so the bullet doesn't fly off to win you

Maggie's drawers—red flag used on a rifle range to show a complete miss

Joe—coffee, also the name given to any native man

gook—Pacific islander

mustang—Marine or Navy officer who has come up through the ranks

snow job—a sales talk, usually with the speaker as the product being sold

sack artist—one who'd just as soon stay in bed



The Queen Waited

THIS is a story of the *Queen Mary*, that majestic lady of the seas. In March, 1944, the huge liner with some 15,000 American troops aboard, was plowing through the U-boat infested Atlantic, making the run alone, daring the "wolf pack" to come and get her.

On March 5, Corporal V. Mautte, one of her passengers, was suddenly stricken with mastoids. An emergency operation was necessary. A mastoid operation is a delicate job, even under ideal conditions. On board a rolling ship in heavy seas, it is almost impossible.

Army doctors and the captain of the *Queen Mary* held a conference. The doctors said the stricken soldier had a chance—provided they could operate under normal conditions. The captain knew what they meant—the *Queen Mary* had to be stilled and steadied as much as possible. He also realized that out in the darkness, U-boats were waiting.

Orders went to the engine room. The mighty engines slowed down. And while some 15,000 American troops slept peacefully, an Army specialist operated. The operation was successful, and the liner moved swiftly onward.—By Corporal Joseph Keating.



GI Secret Weapon

American forces pushed like fingers into Nazi territory when the Army was moving up to the Rhine. On either side of the fingers scattered remnants of Nazis took to houses and patches of woods. It was getting dark when one American outfit neared a patch of woods where a force



of Nazis were entrenched. The officer in charge knew they would have to be wiped out, and planned to use hand grenades. However, realizing that Nazi officers would know almost to a foot where Americans would have to be to throw grenades, he feared the machine gun fire that would be thrown back at his men.

Two GIs solved the problem. Unknown to the officer, they located an inner tube, found a tree a safe distance from their outfit's encampment, and fashioned a giant sling-shot. Into this improvised weapon they put hand grenades and hurled them at the Nazis in the woods.

A hail of machine gun bullets came back. The American officer investigated and found the two GIs, safely out of range, slinging grenades into the Nazis and laughing at this great joke on the Germans.

The officer encouraged the men to keep it up. At dawn the Nazis surrendered, thinking a super-force of Americans faced them. Not a single American casualty resulted.—By Arthur Larson

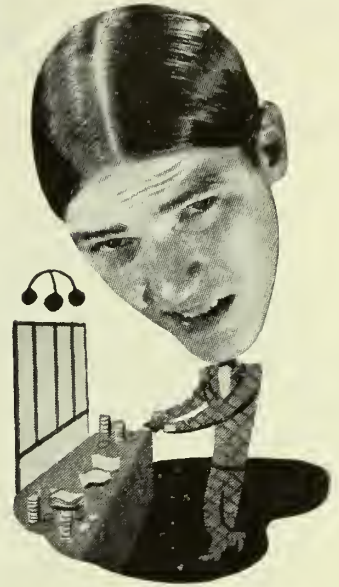
"LIABILITY" HAIR HELD HIM BACK *Until*

He found how to keep hair neatly groomed



WATERED STOCK

He used water to slick his hair down. And what a mistake this was! After the water dried, his hair would string down over his face. Or bounce up out of place. Kreml keeps hair handsomely groomed from morn 'til night—always looks so neat and attractive.



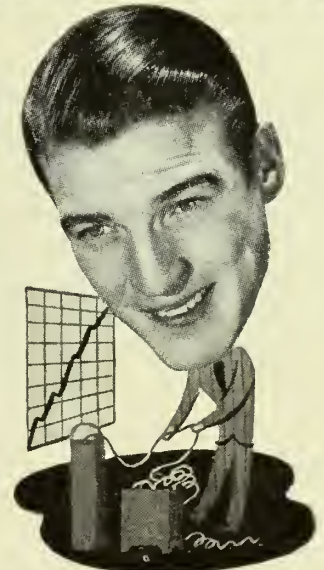
LOAN SHARK

That offensive oily, greasy, plastered down look! Reminds people of a sharpie in business—a gigolo in social world. Kreml keeps hair neat as a pin—so lustrous looking. Yet Kreml never "pastes" hair down or leaves it looking or feeling dirty or greasy.



SCALPER

His stock always takes a nose dive with the ladies. They abhor a man's shoulders covered with dandruff flakes. Kreml promptly relieves itching of dry scalp and removes loose dandruff. Makes hair much easier to comb—leaves scalp feeling so clean—so refreshed.



HIGH GRADE SECURITY

Kreml always makes him feel so secure about the appearance of his hair. Kreml is famous to tame stubborn hair and keep it looking neat all day long. Kreml Hair Tonic is that modern hair dressing for "he-men" who know the importance of well-groomed hair.

• Ask for Kreml Hair Tonic at your barber shop. Buy a bottle at any drug counter. Use Kreml daily for a cleaner scalp—for better-groomed hair.

KREML HAIR TONIC

Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy—Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes





This is your page, so sound off with your pet gripes, your \$64 questions, your brickbats and bouquets. All letters should be signed with your full name, to show good faith, but your name won't be used if you say so.

WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

Sir: I'd like to ask two questions, both inter-related. What became of the 2nd Lieutenant (undoubtedly a civilian before the war) who had the initiative and the guts to take the Remagen Bridge? The last I heard, somebody in the administrative end some miles back was being commended for his sound judgment in taking a bridge and saving many lives, before he even got within shooting distance of it.

Have we not gone to the extreme in glorifying general officers upon their return (officers who were career men) as against the millions of civilians who did the fighting?

V. M.

Oklahoma City

JAPS ON TIMOR

Sir: The sudden collapse of the Japanese war machine leaves 70,000 stranded Japs on Timor, one of the lesser islands of the East Indies. This island could easily be overlooked in getting the Japs back to the mainland. From Australia it is about the distance from Los Angeles to San Francisco. If it is overlooked, the stranded Japs would soon dominate the population of the little island. It might not be a bad idea to keep an eye on Timor.

EDWIN GRANT

San Francisco

EXAMS FOR CIVIL SERVICE

Sir: During the past several years many thousands of federal positions have been "blanketed" into the Classified Civil Service without competitive examinations and have thereby acquired a classified status to which they are not fairly entitled. Why not reopen these positions and require that they be filled by competitive examinations? This would give our veterans a chance at them, to which under the circumstances, they are so justly entitled.

LEGIIONNAIRE

Woodville, Texas

BILL THE JAPS

Sir: It would be a good lesson to the present and future generations of Japanese if they were forced to pay each service man or woman held by them as prisoners of war a pension of not less than \$200 a month for the remainder of

their life. They should also be forced to pay the family of each boy they murdered a sum of not less than \$50,000. Then perhaps they'd be sharing some of the expenses of rehabilitating the boys whose lives they have wrecked and lessen the grief of the families whose boys were murdered.

I have no personal gain in the premises.

NEALEY PRATER

Knoxville, Iowa

TIMBER!

Sir: On page 32 of the November issue of The American Legion Magazine you have a picture purporting to show a man "studying one of his birches," but the tree illustrated is a plane commodity called sycamore. I call this to your attention as an arborist.

CHARLES F. IRISH

Cleveland

To our staff member who made this mistake we are turning over Mr. Irish's folder from the National Arborist Association, suggesting tree-study as a career.

BRICKBAT AND SMALL BOUQUET

Sir: Why do you make your magazine the hardest in the world to read? The material is superb, but gets cut to pieces when you continue it, and one has to hunt a long time to find where it's continued. Why do all articles have to be continued?

L. C. WETTERAN

Nashville, Tenn.

We are working to make the superb material that Mr. Wetteran mentions easier to follow. We hope our readers will like the changes that are now in the works for coming issues.

FOOTNOTE TO CONSERVATION

Sir: Your article, "A Job in Conservation," was very good but it doesn't give the correct procedure in securing a job. In this locality these jobs are handled through the politicians. I tried to get a job as game warden but had no luck. There wasn't any civil service examination and it wasn't an ex-serviceman who got the job. Everything else being equal, these jobs should go to the boys coming home.

C. R.

Windsor, Illinois

RED TAPE AND FEES

Sir: I've just read S. T. Smith's letter on the GI Bill of Rights in your November issue. He hit the nail on the head. My husband, a discharged Coast Guardsman, and I want a loan to buy a home, but the red tape and various fees are just more than we can afford. We're living in a "low rent" government housing project and pay \$40 rent out of a \$187.50 salary—with five children to support. We want to move and can't rent a place, since children aren't wanted. We can't buy a place because, as Mr. Smith says, the GI Bill is no good.

MR. & MRS. EARL W. EDWARDS

Houston, Texas

SALUTE TO OUR ALLIES

Sir: In your December issue you state in *Sound Off!* that a serviceman does not have to salute any officer of a foreign country. According to Army regulations a serviceman will salute and treat with due respect any officer of an allied nation. Isn't this correct?

LT. DORANCE C. HUFFMAN

Aurora, Indiana
Correct!

"TO SPEED THE GI HOME"

Sir: The problem facing the GI today—and we are hoping that this is true of those at home as it is of those overseas—is getting the men now overseas home as quickly as is humanly possible. This resolves itself down to the question: "Is everything being done to speed the GI home as quickly as possible?" The morale of the GI overseas is bordering on hysteria. The veteran is in need of, is deserving of, and is clamoring for a voice that will put this question before Congress, the President and the War Department in order that honest justice be served. That voice must be, and can only come from, a veterans' organization such as your own. It is a duty that should be above every other consideration at this time.

SIX GIs

APO 513, New York

Most common gripe of the GI is that expressed in the foregoing, with variations. Granted, the point system is not perfect and there are delays. Still, men are returning and are being discharged in such numbers that some military experts fear our occupational plans are being jeopardized. Too much haste now may help set the stage for another war in the future. It happened that way after 1918, and we certainly don't want it to happen again.

ANSWERING EX-LT. (JG)

Sir: This is the first time I ever heard of Merchantmen collecting overtime pay for work done by the Navy gun crew. Time after time I handled ammunition for the Navy gun crew during air raids, and while doing all this extra work I never received any overtime pay. . . . On every vessel on which I served there was a Navy gun crew and we always worked together and got along fine.

JOHN M. SADLER

Bryson City, N. C.

Sir: I am a disabled veteran of World War I, and I am also a proud member of the A. F. of L. It irks me no end to hear my fellow workmen compared to "dirty Japs." . . . It would appear that while the merchant crew doubtless have duties of their own, cleaning up after lazy sailors is not part of them.

J. R. LEVERING

Scotta, Cal.

Sir: I am a World War II vet and in the Merchant Marine. I dislike questioning the lieutenant's sincerity, but here are some facts. He took his men aboard a tanker—that means guns were being put on in a shipyard. In shipyards, MM crews work from 8 to 5, and between those hours there is no overtime. When a ship docks and is in a hurry to load stores, extra gangs are called from WSA or union hall and paid \$1.38 an hour. In port, only when loading or discharging on Saturday nights, Sundays and holidays, does the MM get overtime. And the rate is 85¢ an hour for crews.

EX-GI

Los Angeles

Sir: There is no such thing as time and a half in the Merchant Marine Service. All overtime is double time and is paid when performing work after the regular eight hours or when performing work outside of their respective departments. It never is and never was the duty of the Merchant crew to clean or keep clean the gun crew quarters and the overtime as mentioned would never have been approved had the crew tried to collect it.

H. C. KAISER

Tampa, Florida

Sir: Where does this prima donna of the Navy get the idea that the Merchant crew was supposed to play chambermaid and janitor to the gun crew, anyway? If the previous gun crew left the quarters in the condition he speaks of, it is a reflection on the Navy and not on the ship's crew.

F. L. B.

New York

Sir: The reason for bitter feeling between the two services is due to a small number in each outfit who shoot off their mouth without thinking. Yells of "4F" and "draft dodger" directed at Merchantmen don't make them feel too good, especially if they've lost a ship or two and some close friends. Conversely, shouts of "sucker" and so on don't increase the love of the Navy for Merchantmen. Another thing that caused friction was the money-mad few of the Merchantmen who bought up whiskey stateside to sell to the Navy and Marines overseas for enormous profits. But to condemn all the Merchant Marine just for a few is like condemning the entire Army for its black market scandal over in Europe. One other thing—who had the greatest casualties per capita for the past four years?

JOHN W. HOUSE

Frankfort, Michigan

Here's why most Airlines specify Champion Spark Plugs



THEY'RE DEPENDABLE!

Your choice of Champion Spark Plugs is made easy and sure if you follow the judgment and experience of men who know spark plugs best—men to whom spark plugs are a vital factor in their business. Most airlines find in Champions those indispensable qualities of maximum performance and dependability so essential to the better performance of your car—your own motoring satisfaction. Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

FOLLOW THE EXPERTS . . . DEMAND DEPENDABLE CHAMPIONS



*We're catching up
with those
telephone orders*



THE news is a lot better for every one who's been waiting for a telephone.

We've put in more than 500,000 telephones in three months—and they're going in faster every day.

But there are places where we have complicated switchboards to install—even places where we must build new buildings for the new switchboards. In those places it will take more time.

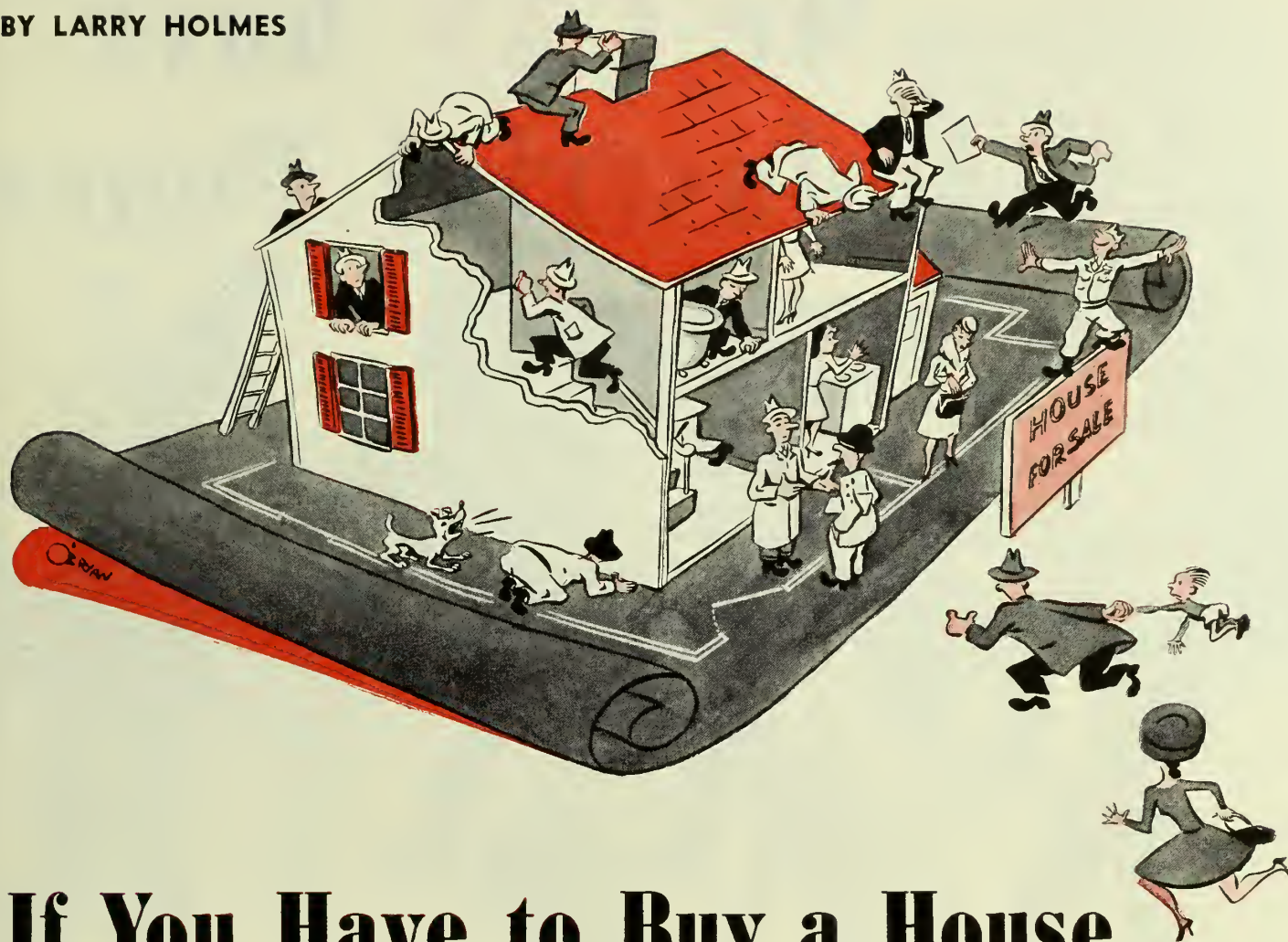
We're working hard on that job and aiming to give everybody quicker and better service than ever before.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

There's Good Music on The Telephone Hour . . . every Monday evening over NBC

BY LARRY HOLMES



If You Have to Buy a House

CHAMBERS of Commerce, better business bureaus, veterans' advisory committees and real estate boards are fighting gyp games and it is becoming increasingly hard to racketeer in homes.

Real estate boards have been working on this for many years. They realized long ago that it would be more profitable to each real estate broker if the whole industry was honest. Through their National Association of Real Estate Boards they set up and adopted a code of ethics for all types of operations. They coined the term "realtor" to designate their members, the real estate brokers who subscribe to that code and agree to observe it. Their next step was to sponsor the enactment of state laws providing for the licensing of real estate brokers and prescribing definite qualifications of education, experience, and knowledge of the complicated business of dealing in real property.

There are now thirty-four states and the District of Columbia where a real estate broker must prove to the satisfaction of his state government that he knows enough about real estate to be licensed to deal in it as a broker. There are some 773 real estate boards which, through their national

organization, grant their 28,000 members the right of calling themselves realtors, with all the implications of the term.

Some buyers of real estate find it worthwhile to employ a qualified broker to represent them. In big deals, big enough to make the newspapers, it is usual to see that "Broker So-and-So represented the seller and Broker This-and-That represented the buyer." This is the same line of reasoning which leads us to go to a medical specialist instead of trying to diagnose and cure our own ills—and is just as important whether your life's savings are \$5,000 or \$5,000,000.

Whether or not you employ your own broker to advise you, you are going to have to make these final decisions yourself: Can I afford this house? Is it priced right?

The economic advisability of a purchase depends partly on the purchaser and partly

on the property. How much can you really afford to pay? How much cash have you on hand, and how much are you able to pay each month? Will this meet the total costs of the proposed purchase?

The total cost of the proposed purchase is not the advertised price, but the seller (whether broker or owner) can and will tell you what the total original cost is

(Continued on page 50)



That place you buy is probably the biggest single investment you'll ever make. Here are some things to think about before you sign

We **CAN** have Industrial Peace



FOR LABOR



JAMES A. BROWNLOW
Assistant President, Metal Trades Dept.,
A. F. of L.

“WHEREAS, a struggle is going on in all the nations of the civilized world between the oppressors and the oppressed of all countries, a struggle between the capitalist and the laborer, which grows in intensity from year to year and will work disastrous results to the toiling millions if they are not combined for mutual protection and benefit.

“It therefore behoves the representatives of the Trade and Labor Unions of America, in convention assembled, to adopt

such measures and disseminate such principles among the mechanics and laborers of our country as will permanently unite them to secure the recognition to which they are justly entitled.”

The above words are not mine, they are taken from the Preamble to the Constitution of the American Federation of Labor, written sixty-four years ago.

Much has been said and much has been written about the aims of labor since that Labor Constitution was adopted. In fact, over one hundred and fifty years ago, in this nation, the yearning of man for a happy, secure life was the motive and incentive for combining together to achieve it.

The question may well be asked, just what is labor trying to achieve? Throughout the history of our country, working people have proclaimed and fought for the recognition of their right to bargain collectively and for a dignified position in

(Continued on page 34)

Today's slugging match between labor and management results from a lack of industrial statecraft. Here are ways of seeing that each gets a fair share

FOR MANAGEMENT



F. W. CLIMER
Assistant to the President, Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

THE evolution of the American industrial system to its present state of specialization has created a group practically unknown a few years ago, called Management. Management is responsible for the conduct of its business to three other groups of individuals: 1) the Public, which buys its products; 2) the Stockholders, who furnish its capital; and 3) the Employees, who produce and distribute its products.

In properly discharging its responsibilities and obligations to each of these three groups, management has one chief aim—to keep its plants operating continuously at their maximum productive capacity.

Any management, to be successful over a period of time, at all times must discharge properly its responsibilities to each of these three groups. It is impossible to state which group is most important or for which one should come first consideration, because no business can last long unless relations remain satisfactory between each group and the company whose business the management directs. Therefore, let us consider how this main aim of management fits into the discharge of its responsibilities and obligations to each of these three groups.

From the standpoint of the buying public on whom management is dependent for the sale of its product, the product must be consistently attractive in both price and quality. The buying public is a very fickle person and has no loyalty in its buying habits. Even though it has received good value from some purchase made at a satisfactory price, it does not hesitate to repurchase a different brand as the need arises if it thinks it may save in price; or it may change brands in the repurchase merely because the new brand is more convenient at the time the need arises, no thought being given to either price or quality. So if the public's demand for the product in question remains constant, the public must be convinced that no other brand gives it such

(Continued on page 35)

By something of the same token, it might be said that an optimist about industrial relations, as relations between employers and wage workers have come to be called, is a person who thinks we have a chance of getting them under control before they blow up our present economic and political system, for the protection of which a lot of very good men have recently fought and died.

Of the two dangers, that presented by industrial relations is perhaps the more imminent. It will apparently take a little time before nations, or gangsters, are ready to toss atomic bombs back and forth at each other.

But our industrial relations are generating a lot of explosions right now. The seriousness of the explosions may be somewhat exaggerated, because it is so hard to put the adjectives used in describing the biggest and worst military conflict in all history back on the shelf. But, even so, if we cannot get our industrial relations under control what is done with the atomic bomb will be less important.

I am mildly confident, however, that our industrial relations will get straightened out before it is too late. One of the foundations of my confidence is my knowledge that we have men like Jim Brownlow and Fred Climer, the other participants in this symposium, quietly, but effectively, at work on them. They served respectively as representatives of organized labor and management on the National War Labor Board, of which I was a member representing the public. I never saw either one of them lose a good case for his side. I also recall seeing both of them make some cases better than they really were. But both of them went about their business with good will, good sense, and a keen awareness of the public interest involved. If those ingredients were regularly mixed in industrial relations, I would not be too much worried about having them worked out satisfactorily.

In concluding as much, I hasten to add that I do not subscribe to the Pollyanna proposition that the interests of labor and management are identical if we only had sense enough to see it. As I see it, there is a basic conflict between them over the respective shares of the proceeds of their joint labors, which no amount of good sense, good will, or concern for the public

(Continued on page 35)



FOR THE PUBLIC



DEXTER M. KEEZER
Formerly a Public Member of the War Labor Board

A MAN who had made himself quite an expert on the atomic bomb recently remarked that his idea of an optimist is a person who thinks we have a slight chance of getting the thing under control before it blows us all up.

Don't think about Mc Govern

Loftus knew it would cost him \$65 if he got caught, but he didn't intend to get caught

AS THE jeep began to slow down, Loftus forced his eyes open from heavy sleep and jerked upright.

"Here it is, soldier," the driver said.

Loftus looked out from under the top of the jeep. It was just another German street, full of loose bricks, plaster, broken glass, splintered woods. A fine place to get a week-end pass to, he complained bitterly to himself.

"Thanks for the lift," Loftus said to the young medical officer who had offered to drop him here at Bonn.

"Don't mention it," said the lieutenant. "Have a good time."

"Take it easy, Lieutenant," Loftus said. He watched the jeep draw away toward Liege, Belgian broads, bars, dancehalls, fraternization, fraternization. Until a few months ago he had never heard that word. Working behind Delaney's bar in Jersey almost thirteen years he had seen and heard some queer stuff, but this non-fraternization was one for the books.

In three lousy years of war the only fun Loftus could remember was the little bit of fraternizing he was able to get. He thought of that little French one in Oran and the blonde WAAF in London just before the jump-off and that tall unexpected one in Paris and the frightened fifteen year-old in Huy, Belgium. And now General Ike said no.

Loftus, he said to himself out loud, where the hell are you? You're thirty-five years old and you're still a lousy pfc in the lousy infantry. Now you're all alone in some beaten-up Heinie town you never heard of before. If you stumbled on something that looks all right they slap a court martial on you if you do anything about it. So I ask you, Loftus, where are you?

A plump German civilian approached, tipped his hat and smiled hopefully. "Guten Abend," he said.



BY BUDD
SCHULBERG

"Nuts to you," Loftus said.

He hated these Krauts now. Three years ago the Germans seemed only a nuisance. All he had wanted to do was to see the thing finished and get back to Delaney's. That was before McGovern.

It was still hard to believe it about McGovern. Why, he had soldiered with McGovern ever since they first got to know each other back at the staging area in the States. McGovern and his mouth-organ. McGovern and his women. McGovern and his gags. The last he had seen of McGovern was the evening before. From where Loftus and McGovern could see it the Jerries had them pinned down under direct fire from 88's. But the lieutenant said they were exploiting the beachhead on the Rhine so who were they, a couple of shell-happy EM's, to know the difference? A reporter for The Stars and Stripes called the German defense "sporadic resistance" but where McGovern and Loftus happened to be it was one of the heaviest engagements of the war. Suddenly Loftus saw McGovern grab his right wrist. Blood ran through the fingers of his left hand. "Congratulate me, Charley," he said. "This looks like bargain day on purple hearts. All I want now is a beautiful nurse—like in the movies." Still holding his wrist, he was trotting back across the field toward the emergency field station, when suddenly he fell forward on his face, as if he had been brought down by a savage, invisible tackler. It wasn't a tackler but a sniper, hidden in a tree near the first aid station to knock off our wounded on the way in.

But I'm supposed to be trying not to think about McGovern, Loftus thought. The captain had said when he signed his pass, "Here you are, Loftus. Until Monday morning. And try not to think about McGovern." So Loftus walked between the broken buildings, trying not to think about it.

He felt a little better. Bonn wasn't exactly Brussels, it wasn't even Huy, but at least it was something to get out from under the noise and the dying. It was nice to hear guns going off so far away you didn't have to do a running two-and-a-half into the ground and dig your nose in the dirt.

As Loftus reached the corner, a solemn, middle-aged German woman passed, dressed in mourning. A few paces beyond him she climbed across a mound of rubble and disappeared into the bombed out shell of an apartment house. The top stories were split neatly in two, giving the appearance of a gigantic doll-house. Loftus noticed a piece of paper tacked on the door through which the woman had gone. It was neatly printed in German: "Dieses Haus ist bewohnt!" Loftus didn't know what that meant. But

something drew his attention to a basement window. The glass had been blown out, so that he could look down into the basement room, and so that the woman standing where the window had been could stare up at him.

He could not tell just what she looked like for he could only see her eyes and part of her face, watching him with a kind of forlorn curiosity. He felt a faint stirring of excitement. He had not been this close to a woman for a long time. He wondered whether she was one of those beautiful German broads he had heard about. If it wasn't for this damned non-fraternization policy, then Pfc Charley Loftus could really have a time for himself. But maybe this piece was a Polack or something, just a hard-up DP, a GI doughnut just waiting inside for old Charley Loftus to come along.

Loftus leaned against the door. When it gave before his weight, he was in a dark hallway. With the help of his flashlight, he made his way to the basement stairs. When he reached the cellar level Loftus picked out the door to the room where he had seen the woman. He knocked. The door opened quickly, and he found himself facing the woman he had passed in the street. Her naked fear of him made Loftus uncomfortable. The other woman was still standing beneath the window space through which he had seen her. She had a strong, thick body with heavy breasts, and a plain, stupid face. She seemed to show no fear of him,

Illustrations by
JOHN SCOTT

only a dull-eyed and listless curiosity. Although it was still light outside, the cold bare room was already in gloomy semi-darkness. In one corner was an old mattress, piled with dirty blankets.

Suddenly Loftus felt embarrassed and fell back on the search routine used in newly captured communities.

"American military police," he said. "Polizei. Got any guns, weapons, *gewehr*?"

"Nein, nein," the older woman said. "Wir haben gar nichas." "Any men around here, husbands, brothers? Men, men." Loftus said irritably.

"Oh Männer, Männer." The older woman raised her hands in a hopeless gesture. "Mein Mann ist gestorben. Kaput."

"And hers?" said Loftus, looking at the younger one. "Gefallen in Russland," she said. Loftus wondered if she hated him. He also wondered how it would feel to reach out and touch her. Oh I'm a jerk, he thought. This old lady's husband dead and this young one's man dead and McGovern dead and all I think about is dirty things. "Roger," he said out loud, for no reason at all, and walked back into the basement hallway. When he heard footsteps behind him, he stopped and shined his light in the younger woman's face.

"Zigaretten?" She moved closer to him until Loftus could feel her body touching

(Continued on page 47)



The crumpled figure was a powerfully built woman

HE FOUND A

BY EUSTACE L. ADAMS



The pirates had buried ducats and doubloons near Charleston Harbor

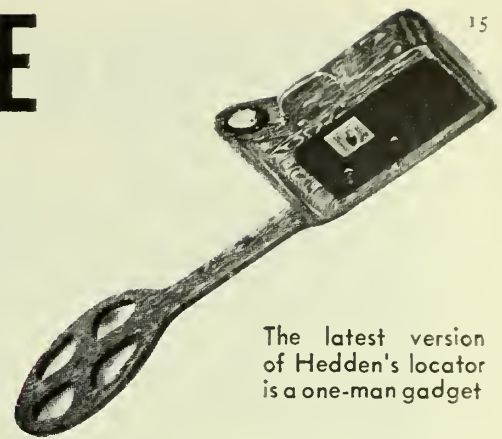
IF a radio repair man in Tampa, Florida, had not been asked to develop an instrument to locate Gasparilla's hidden gold, many thousands more of our soldiers would probably be dead or without their limbs today. Charles A. Hedden is the inventor of the mine detector. But when he began to develop the device, 12 years ago, it was because he, like so many Floridians before and after him, had heard the siren voice of pirate treasure.

Gasparilla, one of our more industrious and prosperous freebooters, had, according to legend, buried

a couple of boatloads of golden ducats and doubloons around the edges of Charlotte Harbor, only a hundred or so miles south of Tampa. But when Hedden, in the normal course of his radio repairing, met a man who told him that he had a chart, a chart left by an old Cuban named Gomes, who was the sole survivor of that lusty crew, Hedden bent only a politely interested ear. The chart, the man went on, showed exactly, or almost exactly, where the gold was buried, and if Hedden could develop something to locate hidden metal, millions were practically in their pockets.

PRICELESS TREASURE

A stranger entered Charles Hedden's little radio shop and asked him to make a gadget to find buried pirate gold. The resulting invention meant life to thousands of GI's



The latest version of Hedden's locator is a one-man gadget



In Florida, hunting for pirate gold has not the moonbeam-chasing aspect it enjoys elsewhere. Too much of it has actually been found. But Charles Hedden was, by temperament, no treasure-hunter. And, he still isn't. But he was, and still is, a little fey about anything electrical, and the idea of a device to locate metal nagged at his restless mind until at last he began to experiment.

It seems likely that any modern research worker, knowing Hedden's total lack of scientific background, would joyfully have bet 1000 to 1 that the man would not develop anything. His only formal education had been in grade school at Haw Creek, which is a suburb of Bunnell, Florida, which, in turn, is about the size of a gnat's eyebrow. He had not been able to go on to high school at the more cosmopolitan center of Bunnell because his father needed him to work the farm. Charles had been born in Illinois on Christmas day, 1900. But at that time prospects for any (Continued on page 54)



Charles Hedden with an early model of the treasure locator which evolved into the magnetic mine detector shown above

DON'T SCUTTLE OUR NAVY

One way of losing the peace is to let our naval strength wane as we've done before. To ensure our security costs money, but we must be willing to pay.

THE UNITED STATES emerged from World War II with the most powerful and balanced fleet that ever rode the Seven Seas. It is the expressed purpose of the American Congress to maintain a naval strength forever equal to our peacetime responsibilities and to any future emergency such as that which exploded at Pearl Harbor.

This program, which our Committee embodied in House Concurrent Resolution 80, and which was approved by the House *Continued on page 41*



More than a million men have been discharged from the Navy to date

By Congressman
CARL VINSON
Sixth Georgia District

*You Have
to See It
to Believe It*

Imagine trying to describe the circus to someone who never has seen it. You tell him about the three rings jam-packed with action, the acrobats flying 'round the tent top, the gay antics of the clowns, the crowd's roar, the terrific tempo of the brass band, the big cat's angry snarls. But to him these are only words. He sees none of it, feels none of the astonishment aroused by the great feats which make the circus a magnificent, indescribable spectacle.

Even in more everyday matters, we see examples of how words fall short of actual experience. For example, Budweiser. Millions of words have been spoken in praise of its goodness, but only when you raise a golden, foaming glass of Budweiser to your lips do you experience the utterly distinctive taste and delightful bouquet that have made this the world's most popular beer.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • ST. LOUIS



*Every sip tells you what words can't
— why Budweiser is
something more than beer... a tradition*

Budweiser

*Bright as
a Winter
Morning...*



**You'll agree
it's "Mellow as a
Sunny Morning"**

You *taste* it at once . . . this *extra*, this *special* measure of flavor that's light, mellow . . . like a sunny morning. We think you'll agree it's not matched in *any* other whiskey! Try Schenley Reserve . . . most widely enjoyed whiskey in America today! Blended whiskey 86 proof. 65% grain neutral spirits. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.



Hector Goes to War

By RICHARD WILCOX

HECTOR and I have been friends since the day we met. On that happy occasion, he took one look at me and promptly bit my leg. I bit him right back to show him that whatever our relations were going to be, they wouldn't be one-sided. In this feeling of mutual respect, our friendship was firmly established.

Hector is a dog—a large, black Doberman Pinscher with a stubby tail and big, brown eyes that have golden flecks in them. I'm a Coast Guardsman and my name is Joe Kelso. I'm medium sized and have blue eyes. They are not flecked with gold but are sometimes bloodshot from sleepless nights spent in worrying what that dog is going to do next. Hector bites because he is a dog and I bite only when I get good and mad.

We trained together at the Coast Guard base at Curtiss Bay, Maryland. That's where the man and dog teams are formed that go out to guard and patrol the shores of islands all over the Pacific. I would rather have been a gunner or a coxswain, but when they found out I used to make my living as a dog handler, they sent me to Curtiss Bay. Hector was sent there purely because of his owner's patriotism.

Hector's service name is Number 921. But I never call him that. You can't go around whistling and calling, "Here Number 921, Come on, Number 921." Even a dog would get to think you're pretty silly after a while.

That dog had really been spoiled at home. The bite I gave him tamed him down a little. But he still wanted to frolic and chase balls and have people throw sticks for him. I knew he had good stuff in him. I worked with him for days, teaching him to be mean and not trust anyone but myself. He was practically a Hound of the Baskervilles until his owners showed up one day.

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson were from Baltimore and they dropped by to see how their little pet was doing. Mrs. Simpson was big and bosomy and clucked like a setting hen. She took one of those rubber mice out of her pocketbook and threw it playfully. Hector turned right back into a lap dog. He ran after the mouse and brought it back. Then he jumped up and down and licked her face. I almost threw a fit. All that hard work gone for nothing.

Mr. Simpson was a small, wistful fellow who seemed like a good egg. I drew him off to one side and tried to be tactful.

"Look," I said, "keep that dame away from here."

Mr. Simpson was pleasantly shocked.

"I know," he agreed, "she is sort of trying and I guess she's a bad influence on Hector. I do want him to be a good soldier for his country. He's a fine dog, you know."

"You bet he is, Mr. Simpson, but he won't be if that bag—ah, er, your wife, keeps breaking him down."

Mr. Simpson got confidential.

"Kelso," he said, "the happiest hours of my life were spent with Hector away from Mrs. Simpson."

He peered anxiously around to be sure she wasn't listening. But she was still throwing the mouse for Hector.

"I used to take him for walks in the city and we'd stop in a few taverns I know and have a nice glass of beer together. You should give him some now and then. There's nothing Hector likes so well as a nice glass of beer. It does your heart good to see him lap it up."

"Mr. Simpson," I said, "Thank the



Lord, there's no beer at this base and where Hector and I are going they have forgotten what the stuff looks like. Beer may be fine in its place. It is no good for fighting men. And it is no good for dogs, especially Coast Guard war dogs."

They went away and we went back to work.

The dog really tried to make up for his lapse. There wasn't any time for playing. I taught him to disarm an opponent, to stalk at night, to carry messages back to a central point and do just about everything but talk. He couldn't stand to hear the word "Jap." I got him so he'd turn wild at the sound of it. The training took about six weeks but it was worth it. We understood each other. After that six weeks, I would rather have taken the dog

with me to a Pacific island than any human—excepting maybe someone like Hedy Lamarr.

Just before we went overseas, I called Mr. and Mrs. Simpson in Baltimore. I felt sort of mean about chasing them away like I had before. So I asked them down to say goodbye to Hector. The gesture was practical as well as sentimental. It was Hector's final exam. If he turned soft again at the sight of Mrs. Simpson and that rubber mouse, I was going to throw up my hands and put in for LST duty.

Hector passed the test with flying colors. He looked at Mrs. Simpson as if she were wearing a Japanese kimono. The rubber mouse just made him mad. Red lights burned in his eyes and the hair on the back

(Continued on page 44)

And Suddenly You're HOME

By John Groth



It's no long voyage back for the wounded. GI's know the U.S.A. is little more than a sleeper hop away once they're on a C-54

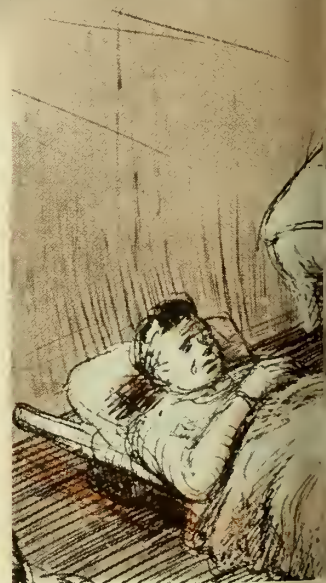
FOR many months the thousands of American wounded have been flown in exciting safety in the huge C-54's over 3000 miles of ocean from the scenes of their torture to convalescence and recovery at home.

All the combat casualties have been flown home long since; but American men are still being hurt and maimed in performance of duty which is still part of the war itself. Every day dozens are injured in bomb disposal squads and in the reduction of enemy stockpiles of explosives, grenades and ammunition, and dozens more are

maimed by booby traps and mines that still live in many places over which the battles were fought. Dozens more are broken by overturned jeeps and auto smashups and by the normal kind of accident in home and barrack that safety councils everywhere are always warning against.

Of course, there are asthma and acute sinus and all kinds of allergies, and these, too, are reasons for getting guys and girls home fast by air. More rarely, a patient will have been the victim of a Hitler Jugend getting even. Our guys

(Continued on page 33)





Jerry PW's give the GI a sendoff. Loaded onto a waiting ambulance, the wounded will be taken to transport planes



Lip service for PFC Fred Proiley by Flight Nurse Lt. Sue Manning

Home! T/5 Joseph Levy, held by Capt. Alfred S. Ehrlich, spots Forest Hills

Left, you meet all types of people with all kinds of disabilities on a C-54. All of them have one thing in mind but they don't talk much about it

Below, the captain asks if anyone objects to flying, but all he gets is smiles. It's a stock question that comes in pre-flight briefing at the hospital





It's often mother and son night at the movie theater for the Williams's

Right, "Woodie" Williams gets some advice from C. E. Smith, local editor

EX-MARINE Sergeant Woodie Williams doesn't like to talk much about that four-hour-long, almost single-handed fight he had with the Japs on Iwo Jima, when he battled on with the odds at the very best a thousand to one against him. He was used to bucking odds, but not usually in such a personal way when his chance for living through was not worth as much as a plugged nickel. Now that he's back in civvies and faced with the responsibilities of a young married man he'd much rather talk about that new beachhead he is establishing with Miss Ruby in their old home sector in a Fairmont, West Virginia, suburb. He's just that kind of a chap—a pleasant, personable, clean-cut, ambitious young American lad who wants to do things and to get ahead in the world.

Though he found the going tough on Iwo Jima—just how tough no one but he will ever know—when he knocked pillbox after pillbox wide open to blaze a way for his outfit to go through, he found it harder to look ahead into the beaming, friendly faces and to face a battery of cameras on the White House lawn early in last October when he was given the highest accolade as a national hero. There President Harry S. Truman strung the pale blue, star-spangled ribbon of the Congressional Medal of Honor around his neck and spoke words of commendation to him. Facing him were his mother, his fiancée, Admiral Chester Nimitz, high ranking Army, Navy and Marine officers as well as Cabinet members, Senators, Congressmen and some thousand or so of the rank and file of plain John Citizen.

"I'd rather have this medal than be



A CIVILIAN'S BEACH HEAD

By Boyd B. Stutler

President," the Commander in Chief said as he looped the ribbon around the Marine sergeant's neck.

Introductions were in order after the ceremony. The young hero was frankly flustered. "This is Miss . . . Miss Ruby—," he stammered as he brought the girl friend forward.

"Miss Ruby Meredith," filled in his mother who quickly sprang to his assistance, as she had done time and time again during the course of his lifetime. But of course she could not fail to note, nor could the sweet young girl who stood by his side,

that President Truman, the cheering crowd, the newspaper and camera men had done something to Woodie Williams that the Japs could never do. There in the center of the limelight, he was embarrassed and flustered.

Admiral Nimitz had planned further honors in New York City for Sergeant Williams and his ten comrades—among whom was that almost legendary Marine ace, Lieutenant Colonel Pappy Boyington—who had received the nation's highest military award at the same ceremony, but he begged off. His fur'ough time was run-

ning out and he wanted to get back to Fairmont as quickly as he could. He wanted to meet the old gang, such as were left after the vicissitudes of four years of war, and lap up a lot of coffee and pumpkin pie down at such hangouts as Nick Hando's restaurant. Besides, he had made arrangements with Miss Ruby, his pre-war sweetheart, to be married in about ten days.

"We had planned to be married," the sergeant explained, "but it was understood that it was not to be until I was free to come home. But after we got to Washington I knew that I was to get my discharge soon, and that made all the difference in the world."

And so they were married. October 17 was the date, just for the sake of the record. And now with a new wife, a new home (a newer one soon, the gift of Fairmont friends and admirers), a new job and a new outlook, unspoiled and unembittered by all he has gone through, Woodie Williams has settled down near the community where he was reared to begin a new life. Come weal or woe, come rain or shine, whether he likes it or not, from here on out he will be Fairmont's Number One hero—the first and only man from the city or from Marion County to win and wear the Congressional Medal of Honor.

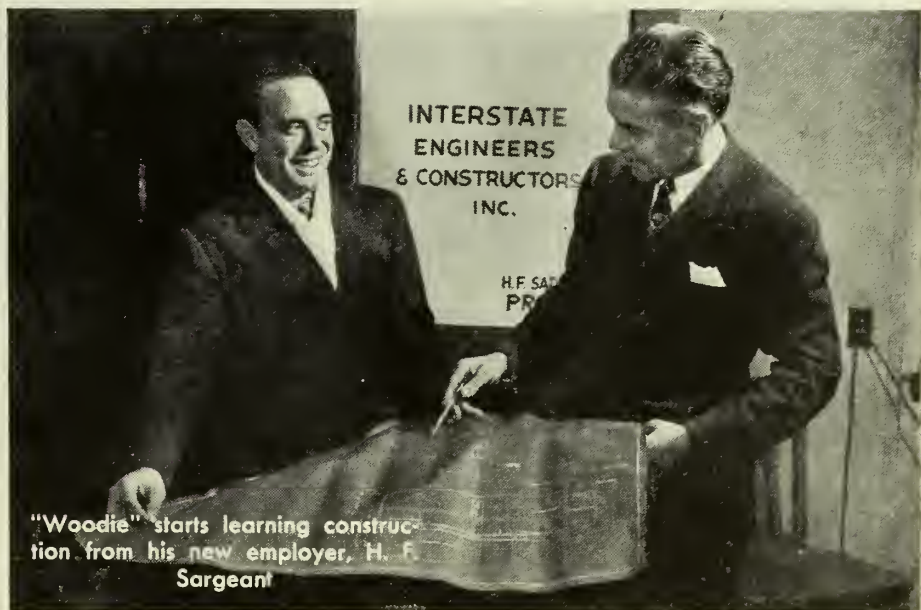
And what a rousing homecoming Fairmont gave him on his return from Washington! "It was the famous Taxicab Army at the Marne which saved Paris and it seems whimsical that here in Fairmont it would be a guy from a taxicab who would enlist in the Marines and then suddenly reappear as the most honored citizen in the annals of the town!" wrote Editor C. E. Smith. Mayor Fred T. Wilson was there with his official family, the State Guard had been mustered to a man. Commander A. M. Darquenne led the Legionnaires of Fairmont Post No. 17, the Boy Scouts and thousands of townsfolks as well as hundreds from Mannington, Worthington, Farmington, Fairview, Monongah, Rivesville and other nearby towns were there to meet him, and to parade to the court house under the command of William J. (Curley) Morgan. Then there were speeches, speeches, speeches, with Howard Hardesty calling the shots, but by this time the man from Iwo Jima had become a bit more used to the limelight. "Ned" Smith had splashed Woodie's picture over four columns of the first page of the *Times* that morning—an anonymous citizen had sent the paper a check for \$500 to start a fund to build and furnish a home for the hero and his bride—there were hometown friends to meet and pass a word with—so it was not until late in the day that the Marine made a strategic withdrawal to spend what remained of the evening with his mother, Mrs. Lurena Williams, who lives on Route 4, near Gladly Creek.

When he came into the world twenty-two years ago his dotting parents chris-

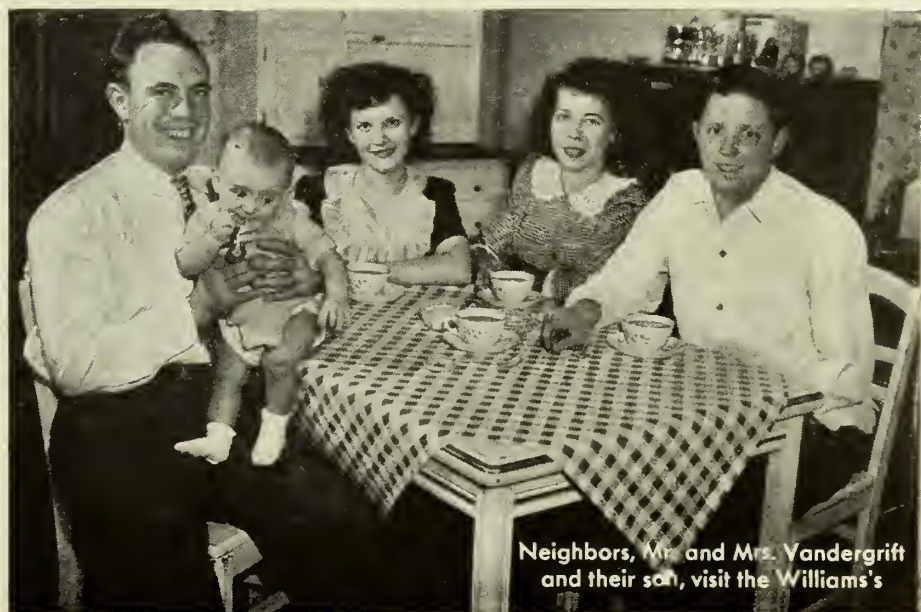
(Continued on page 38)



The ex-gyrene and his old pal, LaVelle Wilson, have pie and "joe" at Hando's



"Woodie" starts learning construction from his new employer, H. F. Sargeant



Neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Vandergrift and their son, visit the Williams's

Illustrations by
CARL MUELLER



RACY ITEMS IN MEN'S WEAR

All clothes are not picked out by the ladies but most haberdashery is bought with the fair sex in mind. Here is the lowdown on what "she" will go for

IN THE following paragraphs I shall endeavor to reveal to Legionnaires various ways of making the most of what they have. The matter of good appearance does not necessarily imply extravagant outlay or waste. Small items sometimes combine to produce an impressive whole, proving, if it proves anything, that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link.

Time and again we hear it said that a man "wears his clothes well," which is just another way of saying that he knows how to get the most out of the least.

Some surprisingly meagre wardrobes can produce startling results when cleverly manipulated. There is such an element as style, and style is merely the trick of knowing how.

It is often the case that a chap spends money for an article and then does not know how to make the most of his purchase. Some one small item, worn correctly, will impart to the wearer a definitely distinct appearance—set him apart from the crowd. I think we all aim at this effect while avoiding the bizarre or freakish.

Some younger men like plenty of spice in their sports wear and others prefer the simple things. The former are on the beam and very, very torrid. Ever on the qui vive for the latest thing in high style. Several enthusiasts have been prodding me into action, demanding details of a snappy combination of jacket and slacks. For instance, there are some bluish gray jackets that match up like a jitterbug's dream

with tan slacks in plaid patterns. There are several degrees of intensity in the blue gray jacket series, but the basic idea is pretty much the same wherever encountered. Likewise the effect.

I mention this combination because the makers of sports togs are whispering among themselves that the set-up will be strong during the days of late winter and early spring.

A conservative chap, prowling the markets for something in line with his moods and tastes, should be interested in a combination of tan or camel shade jacket and light tan slacks. If available, gabardine in natural shade, or even the darker browns, will serve well with the lighter shade of jacket. I fail to see how any man could go wrong with this one.

Here is a little hint about leisure wear that is timely. In the absence of worsteds, men are wearing woolens, which, of course, have a rough surface and a small pattern. Such garments are single breasted and the jackets can be matched up nicely with solid color slacks such as are available in almost any store. Here, we have extra trousers, too, a little variety that can be worn almost anywhere.

A chap slipping away on a week end can carry his slacks along and thus have a very presentable leisure arrangement.

Tweeds and shetlands come in a wide range of patterns with herringbone still running strong in popular favor.

Grays and browns are, of course, predominant. Wise playboys sometimes prefer a biscuit shade in flannel slacks to wear with such jackets. The idea is to keep away from colors that clash, and biscuit shade is a good companion in almost any company.

There are countless other combinations in sports wear. I am merely high-lighting a couple of ideas that will keep the boys at ease in mind and body.

During the recent shirt shortage, a great many citizens throughout the country took to wearing sports shirts for so-called "every day" wear. A sports shirt, as it now exists for the better posted men, is merely a matter of two breast pockets with flaps. Two pockets make the sports shirt. The absence of a neckband makes the garment comfortable and adds a casual touch.

Designers of such garments came alive in a jiffy, when they saw how things were going, and, as a result, we now have the two-in-one shirt: both sports and business wear. Some bright scholar will gallop down stage at this juncture and want to know why we have listed them as sports shirts, if my statement is accurate.

(Continued on page 37)

BY EDWARD M.

RUTTENBER



Cloth hats are popular, but watch the angle



A snappy plaid muffler will give "oomph"

Popular overcoats this winter are three-button double-breasted models and raglan types with ulster collars



Fancy waistcoats are back to augment sports outfits

The knitted T-shirt with crew neck shown at left is a bonafide sports job



HOOPING IT UP!

Basketball is out of the barnyard and is now big-time. It has changed in the process and more developments are on the way. This is the score up to date

YOU have heard, I presume, of the farm boy who moved to the city so he could earn enough money to have a country home. Well, the game of basketball is his counterpart, somewhat in reverse. Basketball was born in Springfield, Mass., moved to the barnyards of Indiana to become a real part of the people, and having grown up to be somebody, went off to Madison Square Garden, to Chicago's vast stadium, to various coliseums and fieldhouses where, at fancy prices, it played to crowds ranging from 15 to 23,000.

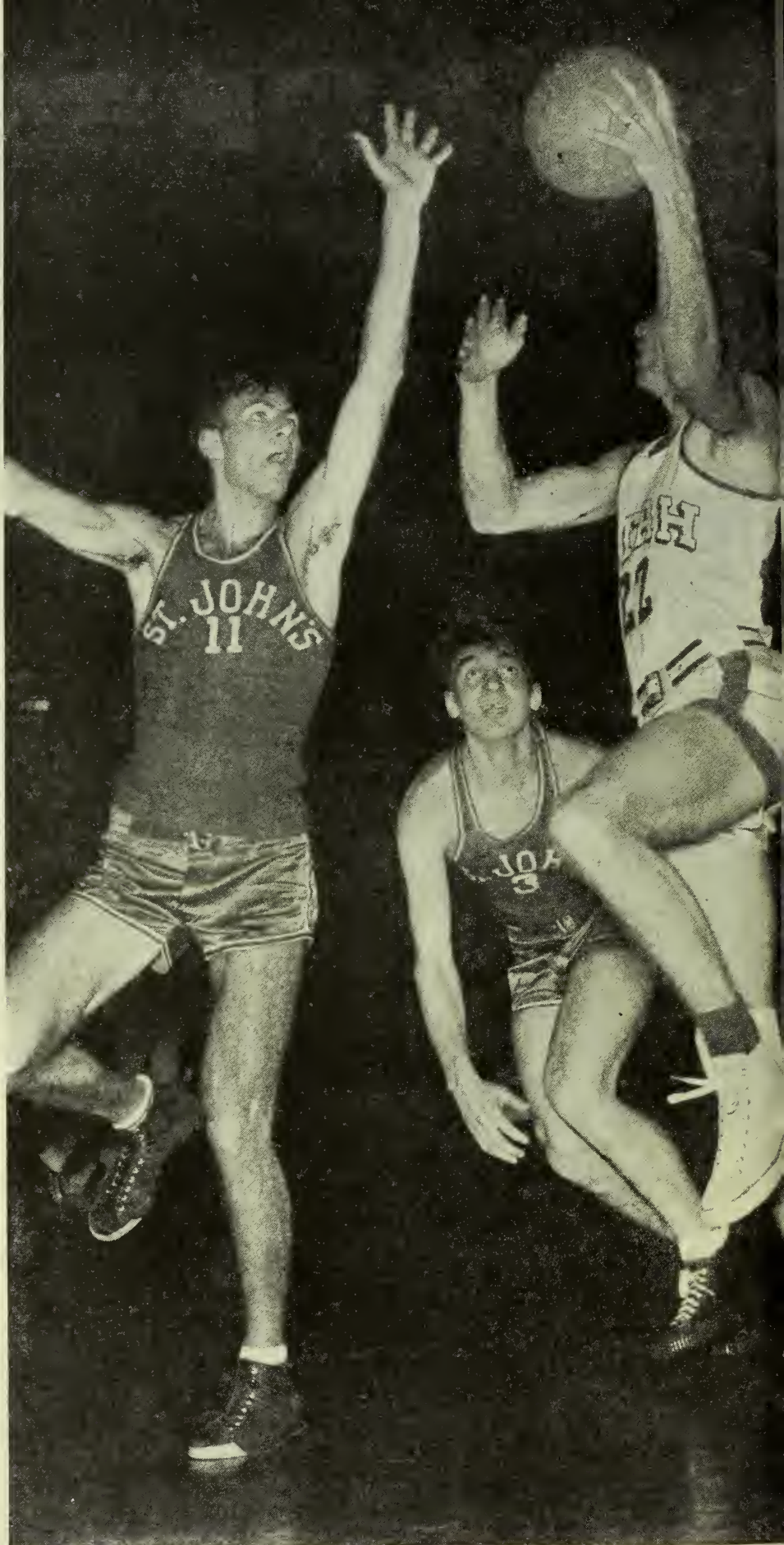
The East led the way in the formation of professional teams but few of the kids who, wearing only the shoes they were born with, banged away at barrel hoops nailed to the most favorable side of a barn, ever got a chance to see the Buffalo Germans, the New York Celtics, or the steel cage games down in the coal regions of Pennsylvania, where women spectators sat close to the pen and pushed the business ends of hatpins at opposing players within range.

Still, when professional teams did invade the middle west, this section managed to outdo the East, for I believe basketball's record attendance is the mob of 23,825 who paid to see the famous Illinois "Whiz Kids" defeat the professional Washington Bears in the Chicago Stadium's fourth annual All-Star game in 1942.

I'm not trying to start any argument about basketball supremacy in the middle west as opposed to the East or the Pacific Coast, but I'd like to point out that it wasn't until a Ft. Wayne, Indiana, Zollner Pistons team won the National Professional League Championship and played in the Chicago All-Star game in 1944 that a professional team was able to win a game from the collection of lads assembled from all parts of the nation.

I do know, too, that there is a deep-rooted love of basketball in the tiniest

(Continued on page 32)



By **W. F. FOX, JR.**

East meets West in a big Madison Square Garden event



Relax with a
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Men of discernment look for the MARXMAN name on the pipes they buy. This name spells mellowness, sweetness, fine and rare smoking qualities. It spells pipes designed by skilled craftsmen from selected, aged briar roots into distinctive shapes. Mass production methods are avoided and each pipe is individually cut, rubbed, and polished.

① **The MEL-O-BRIAR** . . . great favorite with thousands of pipe-wise men. Hand-made and sculptured by old-time craftsmen. Fashioned of thoroughly aged, carefully selected briar. Varied shapes in rich, umber tones. **\$3.50**

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③ **The BENCH-MADE** . . . imported, seasoned briar carefully and skillfully carved by hand into a pipe of rare distinction. Typical of fine pipe craftsmanship by MARXMAN, this style offers men a grand adventure in sweet, cool smoking!

\$5.00	\$7.50	\$10.00
<small>Regular</small>	<small>Large</small>	<small>Massive</small>

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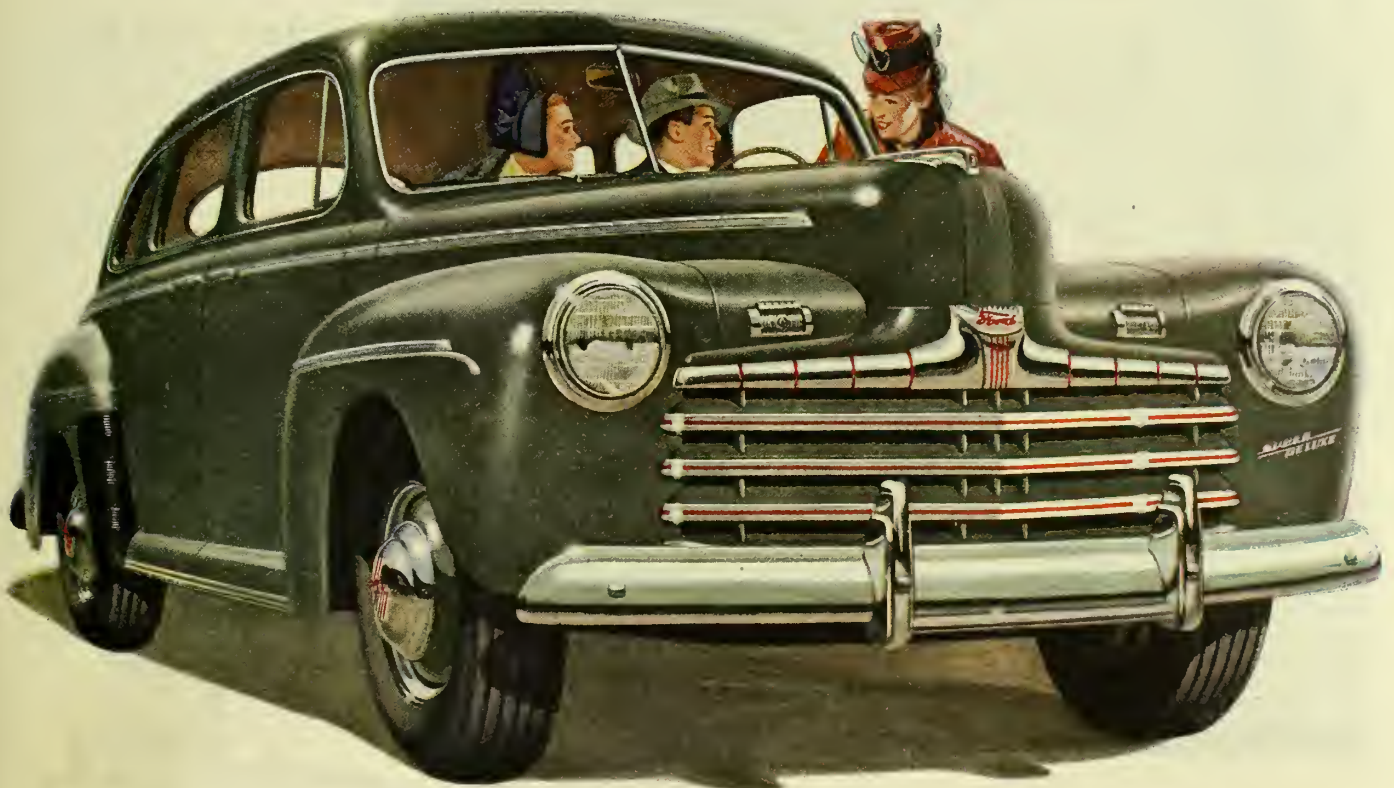
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No harsh bitterness



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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Twilight in Chaumont



A man stepped out on the road waving his arms

BY T/SGT. FRED ROSEN

THERE were three of us in the jeep speeding along the highway to Chaumont in central France. It was two weeks after the breakthrough in Normandy and the FFI in the last town had warned that cut-off Germans were hiding in the wooded hills around us. They usually left their hideouts after sunset to cross the open roads and continue working their way toward Germany.

The last rays of the sun gleamed on the windshield as we thrummed across a steel bridge and bore down on another a few hundred yards ahead.

Suddenly a man stepped out on the road waving his arms wildly but uttering no sound. The jeep skidded to a halt just in front of the bridge. Only then did we see—and our hands were suddenly sweaty on the carbines—that the center section was blown out.

Still silent, our benefactor motioned us up a side road. He looked small and old and wore the beret, sweater and scarf typical of that region. He spoke only when he had climbed into the front seat next to the driver and then—to our surprise—in English:

"If you want to get through, I'll direct you."

After that he sat hunched over, sunk into his clothes as if they were several sizes too large. When I asked a question about the road, he watched my lips and listened with the concentration of the deaf. Yet there was nothing wrong with his hearing.

It was his speech that puzzled me mostly.

His phrases were just as unmistakably American as his clothes and accent were French. He would say, "Down the road a piece," but he gave the word "piece" the French pronunciation.

In ten minutes we were in the center of Chaumont. There was a fountain and a circle of tall poplar trees quiet and serene in the twilight.

We stood around our guide—each at least a head taller than he—offering him cigarettes and rations. He would accept only one cigarette which he placed carefully inside his beret. For a while he stood listening to our thanks and looking up into our faces. Then abruptly, he reached into a pocket and drew out a folded paper with faded print. There was just enough light to make out the words:

"Army of the United States. . . . Honorable Discharge. . . . Private First Class Harry Fox. . . . 1918."

"I was attached," he said slowly in his strange accent, "to the headquarters company of General Pershing himself, right here in Chaumont. While we were waiting to be shipped back to the States I met a girl—a schoolteacher. We got married and I decided we might as well settle down here for a while. I liked the town and I liked the way the people lived. At my first reunion in the big Legion post in Paris, I met a half dozen other boys from my old outfit who'd settled, as I had, in France.

"Here in Chaumont time passes fast and even so you hardly notice it. Each year I told myself that I'd go back home. But somehow I never did . . . just stayed on working at my trade and raising a family. In the beginning, I tried to teach the kids English and that sort of thing—but after a while it didn't seem to make much difference.

"Then the Boche came. And it was then—the first day they rode into this plaza—I understood suddenly that it was important to the people of Chaumont that I had never gone home. I knew—and how right I was—that Chaumont would suffer under the Boche. I, being the only American, could be a sort of symbol to the people, the proof and hope that outside there was still America, there were still boys like you who would one day come and then the Boche would go.

"So from the first day I told everybody: Wait. The American boys will come again. Come as we did in 1917 and there will be again the old life in Chaumont. And the other day you came—and here you are—and it is just as I said. Now I do what little I can to help you. That's why I stand watch in the woods near the bridge.

"But don't worry about me. During the occupation I was right here in Chaumont and passed myself off to the Boche as a Frenchman—though they were always hunting after those of us from the old A.E.F."

Illustrated by WARD BRACKETT

(Continued on page 43)

Gift List for Vets

By Ruth Gardner

The author, bed-ridden for ten years with paralysis, has made herself self-sufficient despite her handicap.

On seeing some of the gifts that are sent to hospital patients I can't help but think of O. Henry's story, "The Gift of the Magi." You remember how its two characters sacrificed to give each other Christmas presents that just weren't appropriate.

So it is with those who spend money for things they think will cheer or help the bed-ridden. Often it's money wasted. Of course the gifts are appreciated, or at least the thought behind them is, but a little better understanding of what hospitalization is really like would mean gifts that would be sincerely appreciated.

This applies particularly to organizations such as local Legion Posts. Often, I know, they collect money for hospitalized veterans, and I'd like to make some suggestions as to gifts that might be bought with it.

Have you considered a typewriter? It's wonderful, believe me, for group use. Not only is it a way for the men to get off their letters, but it gives them a means of working toward jobs. Often, too, it helps in developing muscles that need a workout. I've seen one-armed men and even armless men working with a typewriter, the latter using a pencil held between the teeth.

I might add, too, that with a typewriter you could arrange to give something even more valuable—opportunities for the men to earn money. Every community has many jobs that can be done by typists—copying manuscripts, typing menus, addressing envelopes, etc. A little effort on your part can mean spending money for many patients.

Another gift that is highly appreciated is a portable phonograph. If the hospital already has one, get records. You've no idea how monotonous records can become when the supply is limited. And, for variety, you might consider sets of records which teach foreign languages. The enforced leisure of a hospital is an excellent atmosphere for language study, and this is a fine way of teaching it.

A movie projector and screen, or a projector for colored slides, is another gift that will give pleasure to groups. Both films and slides can be bought or rented at low cost, permitting a variety of entertainment. For that matter, many films can be obtained free for group showings—and the groups love them.

HOOPING IT UP

(Continued from page 26)

Indiana communities, where for years college coaches came from many, many states to see the final 15 games of the annual state high school tournament—15 games played in two days before a capacity crowd of 14,883 in the Butler University field-house, Indianapolis.

I was amazed last November when a press association story came out of New York stating that the Notre Dame five would play in Madison Square Garden again in February. The story went on to say that the Garden officials had feared that Notre Dame might not play because of that game-throwing scandal that involved Gotham's gamblers and the Brooklyn College team. People, schools and colleges in Indiana think too much of basketball to let tin-horn gamblers of Gotham discolor the game.

I can still see about a thousand citizens of a southern Indiana town standing in the Butler fieldhouse on Saturday night in March, 1935—men and women and children of all walks of life with tears streaming down their faces because their team had just been defeated in the final game of the state tournament.

Their boys, who had gone all through the regular season and on through two tough preliminary eliminations and three tougher engagements at Butler to reach the final game, about to be the only team in the history of Hoosier high school basketball to finish a season and the tournaments undefeated—their boys, the victims of circumstances still clouded. Immediately afterward came reports of a big gambling deal, but no one ever could pin the badge of disgrace on any single group.

What manner of game is this basketball? Some people feel it now needs a ceiling on offense; perhaps a ceiling on individuals. Pat Page, one of the best coaches ever turned out by the University of Chicago, used to say that 20 points should win a game. All has changed—inflation has hit the scoreboards. Is the game more entertaining now with higher scores, or is it just a series of races up and down the floor, topped off with a barrage of rebounding by seven-foot players?

Ward (Piggy) Lambert, now in his 29th year as head coach at Purdue, told me that boys will continue to be better shooters and hence scores will continue to mount. He feels something should be done to make the defense play basketball.

"If you force the offense to bring the ball down over the center line in ten seconds, why isn't there a rule regarding the defense having to come out to meet the offense in a certain number of seconds?" he asks. "I think the defense should be penalized a point if they hang back around that basket."

One of the most faithful crusaders for

basketball progress is Dr. Forrest C. Allen, University of Kansas basketball coach. Author of several basketball books, Dr. Allen, whose nickname is "Phog," must be convinced that a fog is really what the rule makers have been in for some time. He says:

"If the ten-foot basket is okay now, then it was too high ten or 15 years ago because in the last decade the average height of small men over the country has increased by from four to six inches. Men ranging between six feet seven and six feet ten are the common thing.

"The rule makers already have discriminated against the defensive player when they refuse to let him bat the ball away from the area above the cylinder of the basket, while permitting the offensive player to dunk his mitt into the basket. While the ball is resting on the rim of the hoop the offensive player may tap the ball in, but if the defensive player touches the ball on the rim of the goal, a basket is counted for his opponents.

"It is only sensible to reason that a goal should be higher than any player of either team can reach or jump. I think the 12-foot basket is coming as sure as death and taxes," says Phog.

The tall-player controversy finds an affirmative debater in Ray Meyer, coach of the DePaul team. Ray is another western Madison Square gardener. His main asset is George Mikan, his lofty center who ascends to about six feet 11.

"The rule changes have been set up to curb the big man," is Meyer's view. "However, the changes have stopped the big men from doing one certain thing and has forced them to become basketball players. Consequently, I believe the big men have really found their place in basketball . . . Look at Mikan."

Basketball was played in large doses in the armed forces. Nels Norgren, just out of the air force and back on the job coaching the University of Chicago team, believes the return of so many GI's who have played much basketball in service will bring to the game a more mature and rugged aspect for several years.

It is easy to see why most coaches declare that basketball is in for a great boom. Take the South, for example. No gigantic fieldhouses can be found down there, but they are coming. Everyone knows what a grand spectacle Tulane and the Sugar Bowl make of football. Well, they're getting more and more basketball-minded. Tulane went up North last summer and picked out Clifford Wells, a high school coach at Logansport, Indiana, and brought him to New Orleans. I know Tulane has new notions about basketball and undoubtedly the present powers of southern football—Alabama and others—intend to make their basketball march along with football. Perhaps it is only the beginning of bigger things in basketball.

YOU'RE HOME

(Continued from page 21)

beat German heads so square and flat that they just mostly want to be friends, though unwelcome friends.

It was raining at Orly Field, just outside Paris, when I accompanied my air mates aboard the silver C-54 that shone brightly, even though the weather was murky. Even if it had been rusty brown, to boys and girls going home, it would have been silver-gold like Apollo's chariot. They had seen their last of Jerry when PW's had loaded them onto the waiting ambulances that were to take them to the airport from the hospital, and now those who could look through the portholes, saw in a few moments their last of the unhappy lands where they had been unhappy.

Underway at last, with belts unstrapped, we settled down to the little lifetime we had together as companions of a 20-hour flight.

More than half the stretcher beds were vacated, and pajamaed GI's, wearing combat boots, and constituting the "walking wounded" of the trip, began to circulate and become acquainted with the "walking wounded" Wacs and nurses.

Those who couldn't get up unrolled pony copies of *Time* and *Newsweek* and a dozen kinds of comics. There was one GI that didn't. His eyes were shuttered with cotton and gauze. Even if he had been able to read the magazines, he couldn't have held them. Where his right hand had been was the end of a rubber tube that drained an arm wound. What would have been his left hand was wrapped with white cloth, three inches deep.

I asked Capt. Alfred S. Ehrlich, Beverly Hills, Cal., the curly-haired flight surgeon who'd been flying wounded back for three and a half years, about the man with the bandaged eyes. According to the chart, which listed the facts about each patient, he didn't think there was any hope for the eyes.

With everybody else lying horizontal or draped into every pretzel-like possible position of comfort, T/5 Joseph Levy of Forest Hills, L. I., stood out in sharp vertical contrast. He had broken his back in Landshut, Germany, when he backed a jeep into a road without noticing a truck approaching at right angles. He was now encased in a cast which kept him looking as if he were standing at attention, even though sitting down.

It was eating time now, as it was almost continuously throughout the trip, and petite Flight Nurse Mary Sue Manning, Greenville, N. C., who was going home to get married as everybody seems to after a war, was feeding a cheese sandwich from one of the lunchboxes everyone was holding now, saying, "I don't like cheese myself" to Pfc. Thomas W. Bambino, New York City. Bambino could move his arms and hands

and mouth and eyes, but liked being fed by someone as pretty as Mary Sue. Both his legs were broken and in casts, so he had to lie flat. They were going to get well, though, and he'd do some of that jitter-bugging he so liked to do.

It was night when we landed at the Azores and there was nothing to be seen other than the lighted airfield itself which looked just like any other field. The wounded, carried and walking, were taken into a rest hut. Red Cross girls brought them hot food and hot coffee and distributed cigarettes and candy, and one pretty girl kept changing records on a gramophone, while others changed bandages. An hour of rest and land-legs and off on the second lap towards Bermuda.

It was late at night. The sun we had been racing was way over the Pacific now. I went up into the cabin with the crew and sat with the pilot, Lt. William W. Jaratt, Tallahassee, Fla., who at 26 was master of this Douglas Skymaster. He was conscious of his precious American freight and he was proud and he was happy that he should be doing this job, and he was humble:

"How can you be any other way when you see all this?" He gestured toward the stars which seemed to be below as well as above.

Back in the cabin, T/5 Harold Geist, Driscoll, N. D., called me over and placed the earphones that were musing his yellow hair on my ears. "Boy, oh boy, hot isn't it! Comin' in from New York, I guess. It's American."

I didn't recognize the melody that was being jived into the air, but it did sound American.

Geist had been wounded three times during the war. "No Purple Heart for this one though," he grinned, meaning his fourth wound. "I got into a fight with a coupla guys and a GI kicked me. That's how I broke this arm. This is my first

time in a plane and am I liking it! Going back to the farm, but I'm not gonna be a farmer any more."

All the lights were out now and it was quiet except for the throb of the motors. Those who had been ambulatory were asleep now with those who had been horizontal, and nurse and doctor and correspondent slept in the back near the luggage.

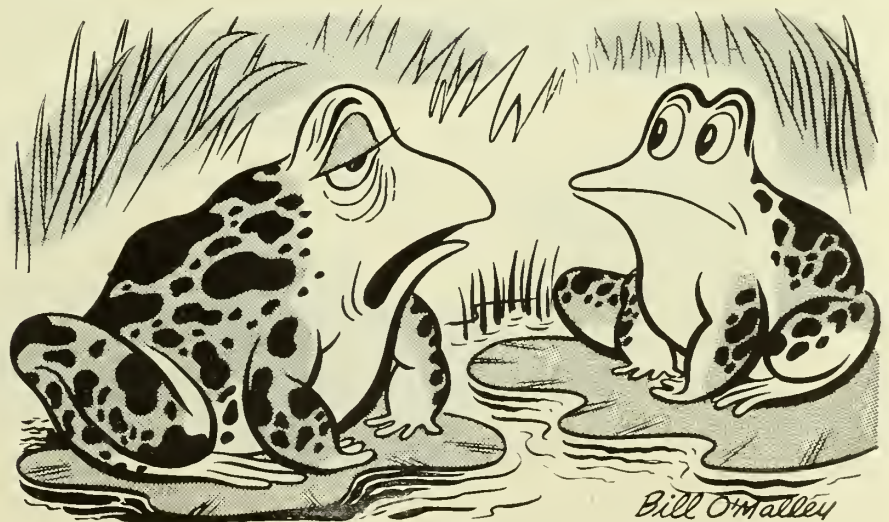
Rubbed-awake eyes saw the islands of Bermuda, sunlit, thrusting from robin's-egg-blue water that showed the T-shaped shadow of the plane beneath. Again a rest hut with loving hands that fed and cared for the weary, another hour of land-legs and then away on the home stretch, the *really* home stretch.

It was only four hours but it seemed like ten and the movement in the plane was as great as that at the height of a ballet. Lt. Athalene McClinton of Lubbock, Texas, the red-haired nurse who had asthma but wasn't unhappy about it, moved from litter to litter, telling of the sailor from Texas she had gone to high school with and was going to marry.

Again, as when we had left Orly, eyes that could see were frozen to the glass of the portholes, looking for the windfall that would be America. It was afternoon and the sun was shining over the happy land when the Skymaster passed above the surf that breaks against the beaches of Long Island near Jones Beach.

T/5 Joe Levy was propped erect by Dr. Ehrlich so that he might see an edge of Forest Hills which is not far from Mitchel Field where we were landing. He had forgotten that he didn't like going home this way.

"Nuts, I take back everything I said, about not wanting to go home this way. Boy, they could put a cast around my head and they could fuss all they wanted to. I'd love it—I *love* it! It's America."



"I'm not a bit jumpy today"

LABOR'S VIEW

(Continued from page 10)

society; for reasonable security in his job; for a decent wage and an increasing standard of living; for security from unemployment; for political freedom; for civil liberties and for free public education.

Labor will continue to champion the enactment of laws, both national and state, which seek to extend minimum social security benefits; greater protection to workers in industry from the hazards of injury and disease directly connected with his employment, and for fair compensation to those who suffer, to the end that they and their dependents do not become a charge upon society; for the elimination of child labor; for statutes dealing with health and sanitation; for minimum wage laws; and for the legal right to bargain collectively without fear of loss of employment. Certainly none can challenge either the moral, ethical or legal right to promote such a program.

It was not until the enactment of the National Labor Relations Act in 1935 that workers were given a free hand to organize into any labor union of their own choosing. This, however, brought with it additional responsibilities. Industry and labor are now charged with the duty to sit together and solve their mutual problems. They have had to learn in a short period of ten years how to approach each other with fairness, frankness and sincerity. They have had to learn the true meaning and intent of collective bargaining.

In the future, industry and labor will bargain with each other much more than they have in the past. Labor will have to recognize the employer's right to manage

his own business and to a fair return for himself and his stockholders. Management, in return, must insure to labor a fair return for its productive efforts. Unless thus approached, collective bargaining is doomed to failure and with its failure come strikes and lockouts, disastrous to labor and employer alike. But let no one delude himself; labor will not give up its right to strike. Those who may be hopeful that government will take that right away must not forget that the power to control labor is also the power to control industry.

What are the principal issues to be solved when labor and management meet to bargain collectively? Recognition and union security, decent wages, reasonable hours of work, good working conditions, seniority protection, vacations, machinery for the adjustment of grievances, etc.

Paid vacations are accepted by most employers today. Repetitive operations and constancy of surroundings tend to destroy initiative, efficiency and enthusiasm for work. This is reflected in decreased production. Vacation time with pay restores the employee's energy, ability to perform his work, maintains production standards, makes him more alert and gives him a new perspective toward his job. Organized labor will seek to obtain vacations with pay for all workers.

Labor is always concerned about unemployment now and in the future. The tremendous advances made in production as a result of labor-saving devices and technological improvements give real cause for concern. Labor does not resist the introduction of these improvements, but does insist that the worker's share in the benefits resulting from his expanding industrial development.

The aim of labor must be to strive for an American way of life and to assure the wage earner an income which will give him a standard of living compatible with health and decency. With increased productivity, the purchasing power of the consumer will likewise increase. If the American standard of living is to improve, it must come as a result of high wages, high production, regularity of employment and without appreciable increase in prices.

Special studies and research conducted by Federal agencies and educational groups have shown that a family of four should have an income under our present price structure of not less than \$2700 a year. Broken down to an hourly rate based on the 40-hour week, it amounts to \$1.30 an hour. This minimum amount is necessary to maintain this family in health and decency. These same agencies also find that for a bare minimum existence or maintenance level, this same family needs \$1700 a year or \$.82 an hour. These hourly rates mean that the worker must be employed full time.

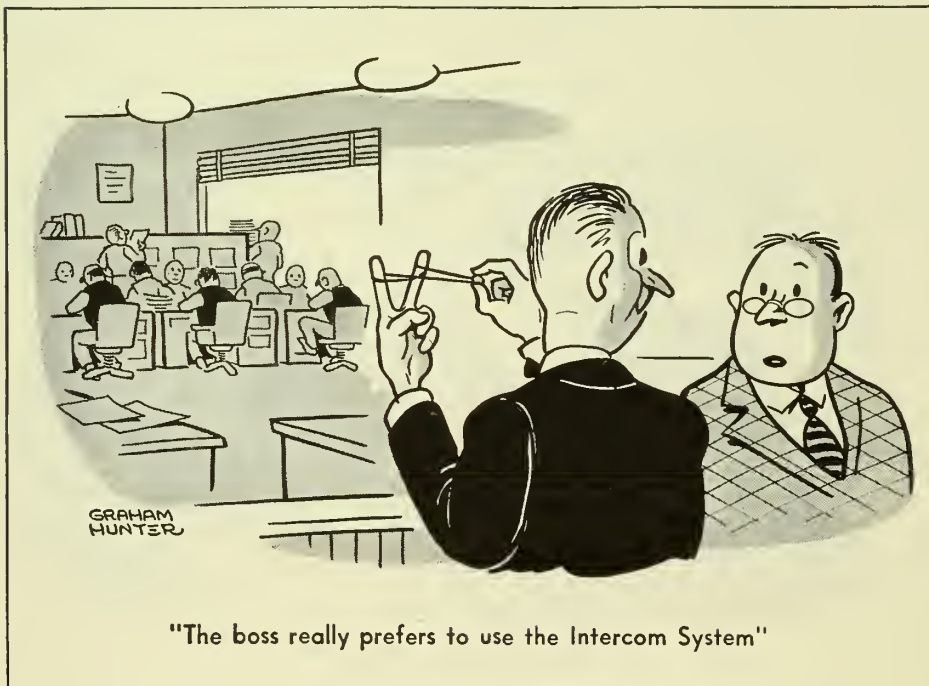
We have seen many statements to the effect that the income of many wage earners is supplemented by earnings of other members of the family. If we are to accept American principles of keeping children in our schools, abolition of child labor, and that the woman is the homemaker, this supplemental income will be greatly reduced.

But what do we find to be the true situation? Millions of wage earners and heads of families are working for rates of less than that required for a bare minimum existence and additional millions are paid between that and what is necessary to live in health and decency levels. Comparatively very few of our wage earners earn in excess of the amount required for a decent living.

This unsound economic status of millions of workers must be corrected. Labor will not swerve from its obligation to improve the plight of these people. America cannot prosper with a large segment of its people being a charge upon the other in the form of the dole or charity. Neither should the consumer buying power necessary to maintain full employment be in any way reduced.

Over two million members of the armed services during the recent world conflict were members of organized labor. Approximately nine and one-half million came from the families of working people. There is no conflict of interest between the veterans and the trade union members.

The united support of all people and all American organizations is required to make the GI Bill of Rights adequate to meet the veterans' needs. Mr. Legionnaire and Mr. Average Citizen, you have nothing to fear from a strong powerful labor movement in your community or in the nation. It is an asset. People can only be happy when they are well sheltered, well clothed, and well fed.



"The boss really prefers to use the Intercom System"

MANAGEMENT SAYS:

(Continued from page 11)

good quality for so low a price or more conveniently.

Therefore, if management can keep its plants running continuously at maximum capacity, it per se must have established satisfactory relations with its buying public.

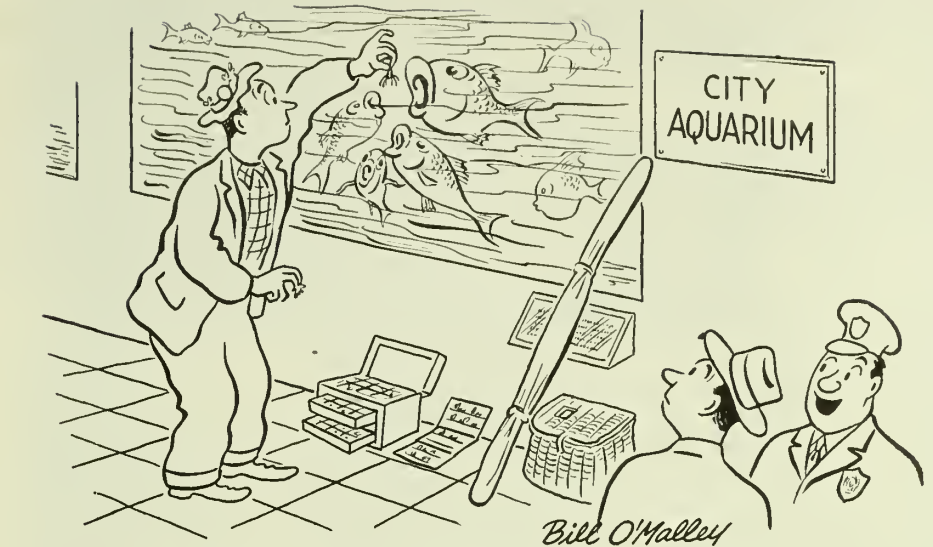
The stockholder is primarily interested in a fair return on his investment. In passing, it should be said that many employees are also stockholders in the companies for which they work and invariably are consumers of its product. The stockholder can be assured of a fair return on his investment only if management conducts the business on a profitable basis. Whether the business is profitable depends on many things, but primarily on whether production and distribution costs together are enough under sales price to leave a reasonable margin of profit. It is clear that some management groups can operate plants at 70 percent of their capacity, whereas a different management may operate at capacity and still make less profit than the first group.

This fact could be accomplished in many ways by the first management group—it could be done by paying lower wages with the same labor efficiency; by paying higher wages but with much better labor efficiency; by more efficient equipment better laid out, or by several other methods. But if the management is average in all other respects, its total manufacturing and distribution costs will be less per unit produced and sold if its plants operate continuously at maximum capacity than if they operate at any lesser percentage of capacity.

So with its plants operating continuously at their maximum productive capacity, management has a better chance of properly discharging its responsibilities to the second group of the triumvirate, the stockholders.

How does the fulfillment of this chief aim fit into management's relations to its employees, the third group which it must satisfy? Certainly this group has not been considered last because it is by any means the least important. It can be granted that from the standpoint today of public interest in management's problems, the matter of its relations with its employees ranks first. But again let us stress the fact that no business can succeed for long unless its management gives just and equal consideration to the *wishes, rights and demands of each group*—a fact too often overlooked by the general public and more often by employees, themselves, and their representatives.

It has been said by some unthinking people that management would like a recurrence of the depression days of '30-'33—days when because of unemployment, wages could be forced down—days, also, before the Wagner Act and its resultant organiza-



"He gets their opinion of his flies before every fishing trip"

tion of the employees of most mass production industries.

That opinion, of course, is so much unadulterated bunk!

Management, like every other group mentioned here, is composed of human beings and as such never enjoys cutting the wages or reducing the income of other human beings. Management realizes two main things in respect to wages: 1) that its business is prospering best when it can afford to pay high wages; 2) that it is not the amount of the wage that matters nearly so much as the amount of actual production which is given in return for the wage.

As to a return to the days before the Wagner Act and the unionization of our mass production industries, it would be less than the truth not to say that, yes, a number of managements would welcome a return to the days before the passage of the Wagner Act insofar as the effect of that Act on its relations with employees is concerned. On the other hand, a great majority have put such thought aside as just so much wishful thinking and are completely reconciled to the fact that, while the Wagner Act is not all it should be, unions are here to stay, must be utilized for good, and are groping to find a way to live with them in peace and harmony and at the same time conduct their business prosperously.

Management recognizes that, particularly in large organizations and to a lesser degree in small ones, there will be grievances, many of which need to have something done about them. It desires to settle such grievances as expeditiously as possible on a basis which is fair to not only the aggrieved parties, but also to all others interested in the success of the business. It believes, on the other hand, that too many labor leaders feel that retaining their jobs as labor leaders is dependent upon their keeping things in a constant turmoil.

Management knows, too, in many plants

now operating under the maintenance of membership provisions imposed on them by the War Labor Board, that from 60 percent to 80 percent of the employees belong and pay dues to the union but only a small minority, in many cases less than 5 percent, take enough interest in the affairs of the union even to vote for union officers. It knows that far too many labor leaders are satisfied with this condition.

Management recognizes that fundamental and serious differences can and do arise between even the fairest and best of management and labor leaders. It deplores the fact that such differences are too often settled by strikes or lockouts. It feels that it can be truthfully said that neither side wins a strike; it is merely a question of which side loses the most, and always a lot of innocent bystanders—wives and children of employees and the general public—suffer.

Therefore, if management could operate its plants continuously at maximum productive capacity, it could best discharge its responsibilities to its employees. Doing so would mean no strikes, no lockouts, no layoffs, no worries about unemployment compensation, no problem of a guaranteed annual wage.

FOR THE PUBLIC

(Continued from page 11)

interest is going to eliminate entirely. The severity of the conflict, however, can be reduced to minor proportions.

As their statements indicate, both Fred Climer and Jim Brownlow recognize that the best way to get a bigger piece of pie for their constituents is to concentrate on making a bigger pie rather than on fighting harder for bigger slices of the same pie. That, I am sure, is the essence of a successful industrial statecraft for our times.

I devoutly hope that this statecraft can



"Milk, understand? Savvy? Verstad? Milk"

effectively be carried out through the joint efforts of workers and employers, with the Government taking a decidedly back seat. There was no alternative, I am sure, to having the Government play a dominant role in industrial relations during the war.

If we are to be reasonably sure of avoiding this, however, both organized labor and management must, it seems to me, mend and improve their ways in many important particulars. One of the most important is by eliminating arbitrary restrictions on production. At the present time, for example, many returned war veterans can find no decent place in which to live because of the enormous shortage of housing which was piled up during the war. At the same time, the building of houses remains honeycombed with arbitrary restrictions (on materials, methods of construction, tools used, for instance) which cut down the supply of houses unnecessarily, while increasing the average price of them greatly—perhaps as much as 20 percent. Many of these restrictions are enforced by labor unions which are in a strategic position to do so because they enjoy special legal privileges, but employers are deeply involved in the business, too. Combined, they are engaged in cutting their own throats slowly by the devious route of cutting that of the community first.

Workers would be less interested in restricting output, of course, if they had two assurances which are now often lacking. One is that they would get a fair share of the increased production which would result from removing the restrictions. The other is the assurance that by producing more, they would not work themselves out of a job and onto a bread line. The Government must, I suspect, assist management in providing assurances on the latter point by helping with arrangements to sustain a high volume of employment, and to provide adequate compensation when, as it will inevitably from time to time, technological advance results in temporary unemployment.

It is axiomatic, of course, that if we are going to get the increased production

needed to reduce the menace of jangling industrial relations, labor must use its strike weapon very sparingly. Also, if we are to be reasonably sure of having industrial relations left where they belong—in the hands of workers and employers—this weapon must almost never be used where enterprises providing services absolutely essential to the public health and safety are involved, and then, only after a painstaking explanation to the public that there is the most extreme provocation for its use.

I am confident that further legislation to control strikes will not work any better than the Smith-Connally Act, which actually aggravated the wartime strikes it was designed to control, but I am equally confident that more legislation will be tried (tried even before this statement is published) if there are many cases, such as that which recently occurred in New York City, where the first word which the public got of the grievances of the hospital maintenance workers (which may have been very great indeed) was that they had gone on strike.

In this same connection, it seems to be unanimously agreed that the bus and trolley car operators in Washington, D. C., who without notice and in violation of their contract recently went on strike twice, did more to interest Congress in the possibility of strike-control legislation than ten years of talking on the subject would have brought about.

The securing of a restrained use of the strike weapon is not, of course, a matter that is solely in the control of unions. When, as Fred Climer says some do, employers openly pine to get back to the pre-Wagner Act days, they hardly encourage restraint on the part of unions. Such a performance has the virtue of frankness, however, and I personally doubt if it is as provocative as that of employers who profess to have a firm faith in collective bargaining and a great eagerness to make

it work and then proceed in devious ways to try to scuttle it.

While working as a member of the National War Labor Board I was struck by the relatively large number of cases where, "off the record," there was unanimity about the proper decision, but where either the members representing labor or those representing employers did not feel free to say as much openly, and so passed the buck to the public members to take public responsibility for the decision.

To list, let alone discuss, all of the things which seem to be badly askew in our industrial relations would carry my part of this symposium to inordinate lengths. For example, I haven't even mentioned jurisdictional fights between unions which, within the limits of my observation, are more ferociously fought than fights between unions and employers and which, if left to run wild as they have been in the past, seem to me more likely than almost anything else to put a fatal crimp in freedom for collective bargaining. I also have not mentioned what seems to me the first rate importance of having employers talk and think less about managerial "prerogatives"—that's the standard term used—and more about what is needed to make their end of the economic operation work effectively in the interest of all parties concerned.

As Jim Brownlow pointed out, however, we have only had about ten years of experience with collective bargaining on a grand scale. Therefore, perhaps the surprising thing is not that it is full of aches and pains for everyone concerned, but that it goes as well as it does. At any rate, I am sure that we would be wise to be patient about collective bargaining and our industrial relations. The test is not whether they are perfect or even fairly good, but whether they are moving in the right direction. I suspect that, everything and a lot of it unpleasant considered, they are.



"Nothing serious, ma'am. Just a slight salary increase"

RACY ITEMS TO WEAR

(Continued from page 24)

Well, a bona fide sports shirt these days is a knitted job with a crew neck, commonly known as a T-shirt. Thus, we have the formal and the informal in sports shirts.

The plot is simple as all that. And, of all the garments least disturbed by shortages, the formal and informal sports shirts are least affected.

Hats can do a great deal for any man, but a great deal can be traced to the way they are worn.

When old Douglas Jerrold said that everything depended on the cock of the hat, he was speaking in prophetic vein.

The snap brim model should be pushed a bit further back on the head than most men now wear it. Low crowns lend themselves to that sort of gesture.

Cloth hats are worn extensively in some parts of the country—notably the west and south, and they are much in the same category. The cloth hat has won great popularity because of the vast acceptance of sports wear.

Men do not make the most of their mufflers. A muffler can be a very dressy little number when properly worn.

Citizens are divided into two muffler groups. Those who try to garrote themselves via a tight knot, and those who wear 'em wild with the ends streaming.

Like everything else in the minor sartorial brackets, mufflers run to plaids and checks this winter, a bit of gaiety that uplifts many a sad ensemble.

Any mention of fancy waistcoats causes some old-timer to pop up in his corner and exclaim, "Ah, that reminds me—!" But, don't let it fool you. The fancy waistcoat isn't old-fashioned and it isn't necessarily a revival. It does not smell of mothballs or suggest the gay nineties. It is a modern institution that augments sports jacket and slacks.

There is the Tattersall waistcoat, for instance, which is a definite wow when worn with a jacket in the softer shades. The Tattersall comes in a variety of checked patterns.

One can still buy a rayon robe that has a pattern like the sun coming up over China 'cross the Bay. There are some very comfortable leisure shirts in cotton and rayon mixtures, and the designs are very uplifting.

Sometimes on my travels along The Primrose Path of refined dalliance, I run across a chap wearing a fine sports shirt with slacks and a gay robe, and the effect isn't bad at all, at all.

If some of the younger fellows have strictly dishonorable intentions toward the ladies that is no fault of the stylists. Intimate little parties are the rage this season and all formality has disappeared from such gatherings.

"I've Got Ideas"

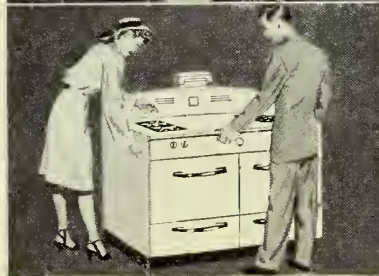
LOTS OF ROOM FOR POTS AND PANS

LIGHT MUST COVER ENTIRE TOP

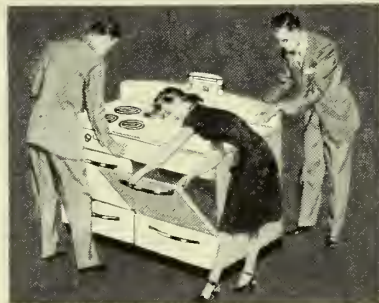
NO CRACKS OR CREVICES TO CATCH DIRT

WAIST HIGH BROILER

A BIG 18" OVEN THAT WILL HOLD A 20 LB. TURKEY



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ARRCO PLAYING CARD CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

CIVILIAN BEACHHEAD

(Continued from page 23)

tened him Herschel Woodrow Williams, which was soon shortened to "Woodie" by his family and playmates.

Sergeant Williams has not always had an easy path. He learned self-reliance in a rough, tough school and learned to look out for himself when most boys of his age were still in school.

For a while during the late depression years he worked around in various jobs and then did a hitch in the Civilian Conservation Corps, stationed at a camp in Montana where he became the chief truck driver.

In May, '43, Woodie slid out from under the steering wheel of his taxi and enlisted in the Marines. Boot training in San Diego, and the trip over the Pacific. As a member of Co. C, 1st Bn., 3d Marines, and a corporal, Williams had his baptism of fire on Guam in the summer of '44.

When his outfit hit Iwo Jima on February 19, 1945, he was still a corporal but had been made acting sergeant of C Company's demolition squad. On the 23rd word came back to the command post that the tanks had been stopped dead in their tracks in an effort to open a lane through a network of some 800 reinforced concrete pillboxes and buried land mines.

Corporal Williams was at the command post. He had remained there to prepare demolition charges and to service the flamethrowers. He was told that his six men were all casualties—one killed and five wounded. The situation looked bad.

"I'll see what I can do about it," he told the commanding officer in his quiet, slow-speaking sort of way, and no doubt his easy smile played over his face as he shouldered a flamethrower, picked up a twelve-pound pole charge of TNT and headed out for the seat of trouble nearly a mile away.

It was a one-man war from that time on. The greenest kid in the outfit would not have given him one chance in several thousands to come back. But the aggressive, fighting spirit of the West Virginia lad had been aroused. He slogged across the open airstrip, covered by only four riflemen, bearing his heavy lethal burden all unmindful of the hail of Jap bullets that flew around him.

"I had trouble crossing that airstrip," he said thoughtfully.

But if he had trouble there, he had double-trouble later as he fought on from one strong point to another to reduce the devastating machine gun fire and to destroy the fanatically defended pillboxes. His flamethrowers had a life of only from eight to ten seconds. His demolition charges could only be used once. Four times during that four-hour battle he had to return to the command post to renew his flamethrowers and to obtain fresh TNT pole charges. Then struggling back, fre-

quently to the rear of hostile emplacements, he continued to wipe out one position after another.

It is written in the records that he knocked out seven pillboxes, killed a minimum of 21 Japs and opened a wide path for his outfit to go on through.

The Japs threw several times more than his weight in steel at him during the epic battle, and it seems little short of miraculous that he came out alive. Not only did he come out under his own steam, but he emerged with a whole skin and without a scratch. He did, however get a Purple Heart a couple of weeks later for a wound which he describes as but little more than annoying.

Pushing his luck while resting in a fox-hole, he let his knees stick up above the ground level. A small piece of almost spent Jap frag came along and slapped him just above one knee, but lacked force to make a deep penetration. He dug the sliver out, put a bandaid on the flesh wound and carried on with his war against the Japs. It was not until after he was relieved that he reported for medical attention.

Back-on Guam after the fighting on Iwo Jima was finished, the 3rd Division, as is the way of a Marine outfit, started a round of intensive training. The war was not over. A rifle range was established and Major General Graves B. Erskine named it Herschel W. Williams Range—an honor that is usually reserved for the gallant dead.

But it is also of record that Corporal Williams—he was not made a sergeant until mid-August—failed to make the grade as an expert rifleman on the range which bears his name. He did qualify as a sharpshooter.

The \$500 contribution toward a home for Sergeant Williams and his bride attracted other contributions and home-planning became a major interest with a group of hard-headed Fairmont business men. The new home will be constructed just as soon as the building material can be obtained and it will be one in keeping with the station of the man and his young wife who are to live in it. Over at the *Times* office, "Ned" Smith is concerned; Chairman Howard Hardesty has scanned a lot of plans and listened patiently to hours of suggestions, and down at the clubhouse of Fairmont Post No. 17—Woodie upped with the Legion on his first day back home—there's been camp planning by experts.

Jobs were offered. He settled on one with a construction engineering concern and started in to learn the business. He is starting at the bottom—a timekeeper—but with good opportunity to step up the ladder. It is of interest, too, that the head of the concern is Harold Sargeant, son-in-law of Mrs. Laura Blackburn, Versailles, Kentucky, one of the most beloved of the Past National Presidents of The American Legion Auxiliary.

Shipping Cassia in China . . . The world's choicest cassia grows on the sloping hills of Southeastern China. Like plump, purple juniper berries from Italy, tangy Valencia peel from Spain, delicate coriander from Czechoslovakia, and *all* the 'rare botanicals used in Hiram Walker's Gin—it is imported only in the best crop years.



It's the **imported botanicals** that give this gin greatness



James Ungerman (right) joins Christenson Studios, New York City, after 4½ years service at Raritan Arsenal, and enjoys a drink with his new boss, Irving C. Christenson—who is pretty proud of his Martinis. The trick, says Mr. Christenson, is to chill the glass as well as the drink—and to always use Hiram Walker's Gin.

Everybody knows that the finer the botanicals, the finer the gin. And experts say that certain herbs, roots and berries grow plump and succulent only in the special climates of many distant lands.

So Hiram Walker uses *only* imported botanicals . . . pays a premium price to import them only in "vintage years" when they are at their flavorful best.

It is these costlier botanicals—distilled with finest American grain spirits—that give Hiram Walker's London Dry Gin its superlative goodness, 90 proof. Distilled from 100% American grain. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Copr. 1946.

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“That tenderfoot certainly is wise about *some* things”

MAYBE he doesn't know a stirrup from a saddle...but judging from that glorious Calvert highball, he sure knows his whiskey! Make no mistake, Calvert is very definitely

the real thing in whiskey. Fact is, we've blended more fine whiskey in our time than any other distiller in America...and that magnificent Calvert blend has yet to be matched!

Moral (and this is right from the horse's mouth): It's just plain horse-sense to make sure *your* next highball is made with Calvert. . . . **It's the real thing!**

Clear Heads Choose **Calvert**



Calvert Distillers Corp., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... "Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

DON'T SCUTTLE

(Continued from page 16)

by unanimous vote, constitutes no threat of aggression to any other nation. It is a significant historical fact that our Navy was associated, though remotely, with the outbreak of only two of our wars, and in each instance our warships were the casualties rather than the causes of aggression. I refer to the destruction of the *Maine* in Havana and the Japs' sneak attack on our Pacific Fleet at Pearl Harbor.

Indeed, a key reason for the maintenance of a strong Navy lies in whatever final commitments for the preservation of world peace which the United States undertakes as a major member of the United Nations Organization. The noble intentions of international charters and treaties must be vitalized and underwritten by the maintenance of a Navy able to keep inviolate both world and national security.

The Navy is the major component and assurance of our strength, for the key to victory and to the freedom of this country will lie in the control of the ocean and the air above. Because geography has surrounded our country with oceans, we cannot attack or be attacked without crossing on, over or under those waters.

As chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee I have always felt that it is the particular mission of the United States Navy to own control at all times of these oceans and the skies above them.

Some people have expressed the opinion that the Navy is the principal casualty of the atomic bomb. They maintain that cosmic energy and rocket explosives have so devastated space that we no longer need a far-flung fleet. I disagree.

I do not mean to be dogmatic, for nobody living knows the ultimate effect of these new weapons. Any current conclusion is no more than nebulous speculation. But I do know this:

The mission of the United States Navy

is to control the seas essential to our national security by whatever weapons are most effective, and as yet there has been offered no proof that control of the seas can be effected with atomic and rocket bombs—to the exclusion of the Navy. Most assuredly, the missile that wiped out Hiroshima and Nagasaki does not destroy immediately the usefulness of all navies now in existence. The atomic bomb, as of today and perhaps for many future years, requires, land or carrier-based planes to deliver it over the target, whether it be Hiroshima or New York City.

The best offensive against the atomic bomb now known is intercepting air power. If we were to give away or scuttle our fleet today, and rely wholly upon this new weapon, we should lose control of those intercepting areas. Therefore, there can be no doubt of the need for keeping a modern, all-purpose Navy, with its carrier forces, its surface and submarine units and its amphibious arm capable of taking and holding enemy beachheads.

Until it is proved that the atomic bomb is effective against our modern ships, we cannot scuttle the Navy. Instead, we must maintain intact the world's most powerful armada. To do otherwise would be to make this country so vulnerable as to invite attack.

There is another consideration of vast social and economic significance: Simply because the atomic bomb can level cities, we should not become slaves of fear, stop building our cities and go underground with civilization in reverse. The American people know too well the rewards of industry and the arts to slip back to cave-man days.

As a matter of fact, the view that the destructive power of the atomic bomb actually necessitates more ships and off-shore bases, to avoid "putting all our eggs in one basket," is no more extreme than the theory that it calls for scuttling of the Navy.

In future years there will be no need to keep our naval establishment at its present peak, in view of the defeat of the Axis and the hope of permanent world peace under the aegis of the United Nations Organization. It is our solemn duty to prune the size, maintenance and operation costs to the safest minimum, but not to a degree of false economy that jeopardizes our national security. Accordingly, the resolution which the House adopted unanimously calls for a reduction of the present fleet from 1304 combatant vessels to 1082, as follows: 18 battleships, 3 large cruisers, 31 heavy cruisers, 48 light cruisers, 3 large aircraft carriers, 24 aircraft carriers, 10 light aircraft carriers, 79 escort aircraft carriers, 367 destroyers, 300 destroyer escorts, 199 submarines.

We have not provided for any specific force of auxiliary craft such as mine, patrol, landing, district vessels and drydocks.

Isle of Silence

ALMOST within the shadow of the towering spires of the largest city of the United States is a mute and tragic city which was founded in 1869 and which, although unknown to almost all of its New York City neighbors contains more than 350,000 lost souls.

Potter's Field, on Hart's Island, which is located where the East River and Long Island Sound merge, is the final resting place for New York City's thousands of unidentified, unclaimed dead, the John and Jane Does whose only obituaries are found in the news items of the daily newspapers and generally start with the words, "The unidentified body of a man . . . was found last night . . ."

The Isle of Eternal Silence was dedicated on April 20, 1869, when 24 Confederate and Union soldiers were buried there. Since that time it has steadily expanded until today it probably contains the unknown endings to more tragedies than any spot in the world—Emile C. Schurmacher.

• • •

Under the Channel

IF General Wolseley, Chief of the British General Staff, hadn't sneezed one day in 1882 there would not have been a Dunkirk and the Second World War would have come to a successful conclusion much more rapidly. So declare the enthusiasts who are again urging the completion of the tunnel under the English Channel as a post-war project.

Far from being a myth, work on a tunnel to France was actually begun in 1881 after Queen Victoria got seasick while crossing the English Channel. With her blessing, Thome de Gamond, a French engineer began work by sinking two vertical shafts, 400 feet deep, into the ground at Shakespeare Cliff on the English side and at Sangette in France.

Descending into the shaft on a tour of inspection, General Wolseley sneezed in the damp, developed a cold and decided that the tunnel was a "permanent menace." Nevertheless, despite his opposition, work was continued for two years, during which time more than a mile of tunnel was dug towards France. Then the testy old General managed to bring the work to a halt.

The machinery, as disclosed in a recent exploration trip under the Channel is still intact and so is the Channel Tunnel Co., which continues to meet yearly to dream of the unfinished project and brood upon the General's disastrous sneeze.—Emile C. Schurmacher.

• • •



Keep regular *without* harsh LAXATIVES

Try Lemon and Water
— it's good for you!



JUICE OF
ONE LEMON



IN A GLASS
OF WATER



FIRST THING
ON ARISING

Lemon and water, when taken first thing on arising, makes harsh laxatives entirely unnecessary for most people.

This natural fruit drink — simply the juice of a lemon in a glass of water—is all that most people need to insure prompt, gentle, *normal* elimination. And unlike harsh laxatives, which irritate the system and impair nutrition, lemon and water is *good* for you!


Millions Take Lemons for Health

Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, which restores energy, helps you resist colds and infection. They supply valuable amounts of B₁ and P. They alkalinize. They aid appetite and digestion. National surveys show 10,500,000 now take lemon and water as a regulator or health builder.

Not sharp or sour, lemon and water has only enough tang to be refreshing: clears your mouth, wakes you up. Try it for 10 mornings, first thing on arising.

Keep regular the healthful way!

LEMON and WATER
—first thing on arising

California  Sunkist

We have asked for whatever number and types as will be "sufficient" for the proposed fleet. However, present plans call for 50 percent reduction of such vessels—from 10,292 to 5002.

The annual cost of this establishment is estimated at \$3,525,000,000. That is a substantial figure, I realize. But when it is measured in terms of our recent victory over the Axis—thousands of lives, domestic and economic sacrifice and \$300,000,000,000 in cold cash—it is very cheap insurance for national security and, perhaps, permanent world peace.

Obviously, the Navy's peacetime assignment will not require that the reduced fleet of 6084 ships—1082 combat and 5002 auxiliary vessels—be kept in commission. On the other hand, we may need to muster our full naval strength overnight in some future emergency. So, present plans divide the postwar Navy into three components: (1) An active fleet (2) a ready reserve and (3) a laid-up reserve.

Our resolution fixing the postwar strength of the Navy speaks only of "sufficient aircraft" to support the surface and underwater units. The determination of the number of planes that will be needed does not lend itself easily to a definite ceiling, in view of rapid changes and technological advances in this arm. However, we estimate that 12,000 planes—about 8000 in full, active service—will be necessary for an adequate postwar Navy. Provision has also been made for the required production and training facilities and centers.

We have planned for 40 off-shore, post-war naval bases, although final determination of this question will rest with the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the State Department and the United Nations Security Council.

In the Atlantic we recommend the retention of outlying points that will give the United States a naval and aerial rampart ranging from Newfoundland through Cuba, Puerto Rico and Bermuda, with its southern buttress based at Georgetown in British Guiana. Such advance outposts,

properly manned and equipped with sharp-shooting naval and aerial units, should make our shores impregnable.

This postwar Navy will require approximately 500,000 enlisted men and 58,000 officers, of which 40,000 will be line and 18,000 staff and warrant. In discussing the question of personnel, I want to emphasize that the future fleet will be a distinctly democratic organization in which a man's merit, rather than his social or financial or academic status, will be the only test.

We cannot depend on a small group to provide sufficient officer material for the expanded Navy we need now. Let me illustrate what I mean: Before Pearl Harbor only a handful of the total of 11,000 naval officers had not attended Annapolis. When the Japs signed the surrender document on the sunlit deck of the *Missouri*, Annapolis graduates constituted an extremely small proportion of our officers corps.

The fact is that there were 300,000 Reserve officers in service during the recent conflict. Under existing law they cannot remain as officers of the permanent, post-war Navy unless they are graduates of an R.O.T.C. or of an Aviation Cadet School. That provision limits the number far below the total which we shall need for the postwar fleet. We have asked for a change in the law that will correct this situation.

House Bill 4421, which my Committee has reported, insures that opportunities for promotion will be open to more newcomers and not restricted to Annapolis graduates. It also provides that the selection boards which pass on a man's qualification for advancement shall have a membership proportionate to the percentage of officers who have joined the Navy by different routes.

The same legislation also provides that an enlisted man can become an Ensign (1) after four years of active service (2) upon the recommendation of his Commanding Officer and (3) provided he can pass the necessary examinations.



TWILIGHT IN CHAUMONT

(Continued from page 24)

He smiled showing bare gums.

"It wasn't hard to fool the Boche because after all I'm almost the same as a Frenchman. It's been 27 years and I've never been home. And now I'm too old and I know I'll never go back."

For a moment he paused.

"There is one thing more I want you to know: In those 27 years there wasn't a single day this hasn't been with me."

He took out of his breast pocket a small square of folded silk which he opened gently. It was an American flag.

We stood looking down at the little flag in his hand. He held it on his palm without using the fingers as one would a fragile thing.

When we climbed back into the jeep, he shook hands and said to each of us:

"Good-bye and God bless you."

I put out my head before we drove off: "Mr. Fox, if you had to do it all over again, would you have gone home in 1918?"

He stood there alone and his answer came slowly:

"Yes, son, I would have gone home."

What Is The Legion?

WE of another war sometimes are asked, what is The American Legion? The American Legion is not a club, although many of its posts operate clubhouses. It is not a fraternal organization, although it offers the fellowship of comrades in arms. The Legion is a service organization. It is the trustee of a sacred responsibility and power. The beneficiaries of this trust own the Legion. It belongs to those men and women who bear on their bodies and minds the marks of the price they have paid for love of country. It belongs to the father and mother, the widow and the orphans of those for whom there can be no homecoming. It belongs to those sons and daughters of ours who yet serve America in the far-flung spaces of the world. It belongs to every man and woman of America who has honorably served his nation in the armed forces. While it serves its membership and those who were of the armed forces, it also has a primary concern in the future of America. It has offered and will continue to offer leadership in those causes that promote the wellbeing of the nation. It seeks the co-operation and help of every citizen. It belongs to the nation. Those who own it are the beneficiaries of its service and its strength. Through it we who served America in times of war continue to serve it and each other in time of peace.—Chief Justice Robert G. Simmons, Supreme Court, State of Nebraska.



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HECTOR GOES TO WAR

(Continued from page 19)

of his neck rose in an ugly patch. He growled, way down deep inside, and Mrs. Simpson stepped hastily away.

"Oh dear!" she screamed, "you've made a beast of Hector."

"Madame," I said stiffly, but really glowing with pride. "Hector is now a real war dog. Before this thing is over, we will undoubtedly both be heroes."

Both of the Simpsons were crushed but they said goodbye and wished us luck. Mrs. Simpson was still crying as they drove off.

All the way across the country in the train, I kept thinking about how Hector and I would fight the Japs. I could see that he was just as anxious to get started as I was. Going back to feed him in the baggage car, he would snarl every time I hissed "Jap." I did it often, for I wanted him to be tough.

After three miserable weeks on a boat, we reached our island.

We waded through the surf from the landing boat. I shouldered my sea bag, took Hector's leash and we started up through the sand towards a bunch of tents under the trees. Our orders said to report to the colonel in command of the Marine regiment that was cleaning up the island. We heard him as we approached his tent.

"You numbskulls!" Even outside I winced as the words went sizzling by. "Two weeks on this island and you haven't found him. That slant-eyed general's hiding somewhere in the bushes. You've probably walked by him dozens of times. Now take your patrols out and find him. And no excuses!"

When the storm died, two captains and a lieutenant slunk out of the tent like whipped school kids. I tugged at Hector's leash, squared my cap and knocked at the colonel's tent pole.

"Come in, damn it!" Hector, who had been trained to hear a gun go off without a quiver, jumped sideways at the noise.

Colonel McCorkin looked just as tough as he sounded. He was sitting on a campstool, writing on the top of a K Ration case that served as a desk.

"Who are you?" he yelled.

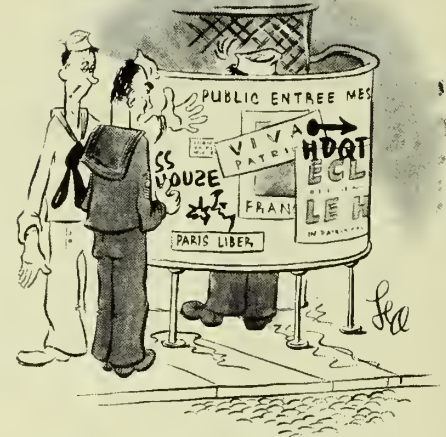
"Seaman First Class Joseph Kelso, sir," I said, "reporting for duty with Coast Guard War Dog Number 921." I handed him our orders in their long, white envelope. The envelope was shaking almost as much as I was.

He glanced through the orders and snorted.

I thought it time to put our best foot forward.

"If you will excuse me, sir, for the suggestion, I think we can both be of great help to you here. We have been trained to catch the enemy scientifically."

Colonel McCorkin sneered. He dropped his voice to a dull roar.



"I know there's no privacy. . . .But it's damned convenient"

"Have you ever caught a Jap?"

I kicked Hector to quiet him down. That word was starting dangerous rumbling noises in his chest.

"No, sir, but it should be easy the way we do it."

"God damn it!" Hector trembled like a puppy. "If I don't have enough troubles on this bone-dry fly speck, this has to happen to me! They send a Sea Scout and a dog to teach me how to catch Japs. Go on, get out of here!"

We were just going out the flap when Colonel McCorkin called us back. He wasn't any friendlier, but he was less noisy.

"Kelso," he said, "I'll give you a chance. We've bagged every Jap on this island but one. He's the general who used to command the place. He's slipperier than a greased eel. If I ever get my hands on him I'll choke him to death personally."

Hector and I shuddered at his expression. He went to the door of the tent and bellowed. In just about two seconds, the sergeant we'd met busted in through the flaps, and slid to a stop. He was nice as pie now.

"Sergeant Holtz," my head rang like a bell from the concussion caused by Colonel McCorkin's normal conversational tone, "take ten men, this animal and this fugitive from a landing barge out on patrol. Kelso claims he can find our general. Give him every opportunity to do so."

He popped his eyes again.

"Now, scam!"

I got some coveralls, a helmet and a carbine and we started out. That island was three miles long and one mile wide. It was washboarded with coral ridges and like a neglected greenhouse for jungle. It was as hot and wet as an engine room. We slithered and crawled, tripped on vines and scratched ourselves on coral. We investigated every tree and bush. We looked at every square yard of that island and Hector sniffed every square inch. It was no use. Hector was bewildered. At last he ran around in circles and just panted with the heat.



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We were sitting down resting when Holtz got a bright idea. He'd picked up a pair of Jap rubber split-toed shoes on our wanderings, for a souvenir.

"How about letting Hector smell these shoes. Kelso, then maybe he'd go and find the Jap?"

"That's a smart idea, sarge." I said, "but be careful how you say 'Jap'. Hector is very fierce."

Hector smelled the shoe, looked puzzled and did absolutely nothing. We tried the shoe again but Hector was blank. Sergeant Holtz finally threw it into the bushes in disgust. Then something clicked inside Hector's mind. My strenuous training asserted itself and he dived into the bushes. There was a lot of thrashing around in there.

When Hector came out of the bushes, he didn't have the general. He had the rubber shoe dangling out of his mouth and he pranced up to Sergeant Holtz and laid it down at his feet. He wanted to play some more.

I had enough pride left to try and brazen it out with the Colonel. But Sergeant Holtz spoiled my story. When he told how Hector had chased the rubber shoe, I thought the Colonel would have apoplexy.

"Twelve men and a dog playing in the jungle!", he screamed. "This is war. God damn it, not a circus! I got through the last one without canine benefit and I'll get through this one, too. Take your broken down mutt out of here!"

He gave Hector another one of those magnificent sneers. Hector didn't like it.

"Colonel," I said, "insult me, but not my dog. He is very sensitive. He gets mean with people who don't like him."

"Oh, he does? Isn't that tough? Why that flea taxi couldn't scare a Jap."

The last word did it. Hector had forgotten a lot in the excitement, but not that word. He started after the colonel, who had the good sense to run. They went out the tent like a comet and every other step the colonel would yelp as Hector's teeth connected. By the time I caught up, the colonel was shinnying a palm tree with Hector snapping behind him. It was awful.

When we got out of the brig, the colonel put us patrolling the beach. He wouldn't let us come near him and sent word by Sergeant Holtz that if we did, he'd have us shot on sight.

I walked over to Sergeant Holtz's tent one afternoon to pick Hector up for beach patrol and he wasn't there.

"He just went off towards the shore," said the Sergeant.

Boiling mad, I followed Hector's tracks. They led straight down the sand, then disappeared into a clump of jungle. It was so thick in there, I got down on my hands and knees and crawled trying to find where that dog had gone. I was in that position when I poked my head into a little hole in a rocky cliff and discovered him at last.

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by a lantern. There was a table and a few chairs in the cave. There was a squat little man drinking out of a bottle. And there was Hector, drinking from a saucepan on the floor of the cave. I didn't need my nose to find out what he was drinking. The idiotic look of happiness on his face would have told me the whole story. Hector was having beer with the enemy.

All three of us marched in a line back to camp. First the general, then Hector, then Kelso. I kept my carbine on them both, for I considered the dog to be as desperate as the Jap. But Hector wasn't shamed. He burped once or twice and went along as though nothing had happened.

The Colonel wouldn't let us in the tent, at first. He bellowed and stomped when I knocked and almost shot himself with his pistol when he saw the Jap general. But I finally convinced him that I had captured the general and had him covered and he quieted down.

After they took the general away, I confessed Hector's treason to the Colonel. I almost broke down when I got to the part about the beer and, surprisingly enough, the Colonel was also visibly affected.

"Beer? Did you say 'beer,' Kelso?" His face whitened and little clumps of jaw muscle stood out underneath the skin.

"Yes, sir," I answered, "and there's a lot more of it down in the cave. Bottles and bottles, all packed in straw. It must have been a warehouse, or a liquor dump for the enemy. I would have destroyed the stuff, but thought I should bring the prisoners in first."

The Colonel's face grew whiter.

"That was commendable foresight, Kelso. I'll see that you're decorated for this afternoon's work. And I think the dog deserves something too. Now you'd better direct me to the cave."

All I'm doing now is sweating out passage back to the states. With the war over, we've given up patrol duty. Even if we did have it, I doubt if Hector'd condescend to help me out. He's taken to hob-nobbing with the Colonel now. Every now and then I give him a bite to show him that life is not all roses and rank.

But when he looks at me with those big, golden eyes, I know he understands I'm only doing it in fun.



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DON'T THINK ABOUT McGOVERN

(Continued from page 13)

him. "Bei dem Bunker," she whispered. "Um sieben uhr?" "No versteh—No versteh..." Loftus said and he stumbled up the broken stairway. He was excited, but he was disgusted too. Those damn Heinie women. Girls back home aren't like that.

Around the corner stood a row of apartment houses which had been requisitioned by the American Military Government of Bonn. Standing in front of a door was an American with the gold leaf of a Major painted on the front of his relatively unsoiled helmet.

Loftus would have gone on past him, but the major turned and smiled at him, a fat, friendly smile, and said, "Evening soldier, what's the 8th Division doing on this side of the river?"

Loftus stiffened and saluted mechanically. "Good evening, sir. I've come out of the lines with a thirty-six, sir."

"In on a pass, huh?" said the Major. "Whatcha doing for amusement, lad?"

"Amusement, sir?" Loftus said. "In this damn town, sir?"

"Go on, don't kid me," the major said. "Don't tell me you haven't scouted around a little since you've come to town."

"No sir," said Loftus righteously. "I haven't got no sixty-five fish for a court martial."

"That's pretty expensive," the major said. And chuckled good naturedly. Everything seemed to make him laugh. Loftus said, "Say, Major, you wouldn't know where a fellow could get a glass of beer in this berg?"

The Major studied Loftus. With his two-day beard, his baggy uniform, his dirt-caked face, his heavy eyes, Loftus looked like a Mauldin cartoon. The Major was glad he was where he was, but just the same it made him feel kind of guilty once in a while, seeing men his own age out in front there doing the dirty work.

"I'm afraid these beer gardens are closed, soldier," the Major said. "But if you think you can stand some real imported American drinking whiskey, I can take care of you."

"American whisky," said Loftus. "I haven't had any in so long my stomach's liable to leap up and collapse from the shock."

The Major had taken over a bedroom in a middle class German family's apartment that had been vacated so hastily that the room was still strewn with clothes they had not had time enough to pack.

"Just push that stuff on the floor and sit down on the bed."

The Major poured whisky into a glass and handed it to Loftus. "Happy days," said Loftus. "Wait'll I tell the boys. They'll think I'm ready for Section 8."

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tender in Loftus hadn't lost the ability to measure it with his eyes—seemed to run through his whole body, warming it and giving it new life.

"How much longer you think it's going to last?" the Major wanted to know.

Loftus thought the Major's question over with a serious face, as if he were George Fielding Eliot or someone who should know. "Hard to know. Don't be too surprised if this thing drags out another year," he said, expanding on his theory. "We aren't fighting soldiers, we're up against fanatics."

Just to prove what he meant, he told the Major about McGovern. He went back to the beginning when he and McGovern first began to buddy up at the staging area, and he took them all the way through from the time they went into Africa until they were freezing their hide off in the snow-bound fox-holes of the Hurtgen Forest. It took two more drinks for Loftus to talk himself up to the point where McGovern got his nick in the wrist. "So Mac, he 'n me, we'd still be together if it hadn't been for a goddam woman sniper hidin' up there in that tree. Why, hell, if we have to fight every goddam man, woman and child of 'em this thing could go on so long I'll have to be tucking my beard into my field jacket to keep from tripping over it when we're making a charge. Yes sir, Maj, Mac was the best pal a fella ever had and he has to go and get himself knocked off by one of those damn Hitler maidens, or whatever they call 'em. Fanatics, that's what they are. Just fanatics.

He stopped talking, to catch his breath, and the Major filled his glass again. "Might as well kill the bottle," the Major said. "Thanks," said Loftus, beginning to sound as if his mouth were full of cotton. "You're a gentleman, Major. God bless you, Major. If you come to Jersey City, Major, just look up Charley Loftus at Delaney's bar and there'll always be a drink waiting for you on the house."

The Major had paid his debt to the

combat troops now. For a minute or two he had joined this grubby foot-soldier vicariously on the field of battle. But now the soldier wasn't holding his liquor very well and the Major was remembering that it wasn't a too good idea to get drunk with enlisted men. He stood up and began to arrange his bed-roll. Loftus got to his feet too, a little unsteadily. His face was flushed and sweating freely. "Well, guess I better find myself a sack for the night. God bless you, Major."

"Lots of luck to you, soldier," the Major said.

It was just beginning to get dark when Loftus entered the street again. He felt fine. He wasn't tired any more. He couldn't remember feeling so well since that day last winter when he drew the lucky number and the company's one 36-hour pass to Paris that went with it.

As Loftus walked along the empty German street, his day in Paris receded from his mind, but it left desire foaming in his brain. In all those months since then there had been no women, only the memory of women, only the hunger of women and now that hunger, awakened by liquor and incited by memory, led him on through the ruins of those silent German streets.

Loftus kept walking until he reached an enormous oblong of solid concrete that rose up unexpectedly out of the semi-darkness. He did not associate it with "Der Bunker" until he saw her again. He could not see her face but he recognized the outline of her straight stocky figure.

The woman turned and stared at him, directly and boldly. Loftus felt power pouring through him. He took a pack of cigarettes from his pocket, held it a moment and then slowly drew one out and lit it. The woman watched. Then, in the most casual way, she began to walk away from the bunker. Loftus also turned casually, but in the other direction until he was out of sight of the bunker. Then he reversed his course, walked more rapidly, and began to follow her. Loftus knew that she knew he



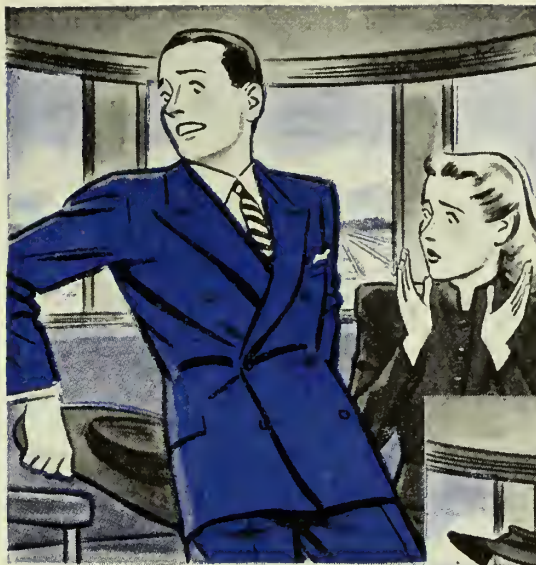
was there. Never changing her pace she turned up the street Loftus had found when he first arrived in the city. He slowed his pace as he waited for her to turn in at the entrance. He walked beyond the doorway for several steps, and then, making certain he had not been seen, he slipped in after her. She was waiting for him in the dark hallway. Their mouths came together. In the dark, with the whisky kaleidoscoping in his brain, he felt as if he were being dragged down into a warm whirlpool. Then there was a hot breath in his ear, "Komm mit mir," and she took his hand in hers, which was hot and damp and led him down the steps to the room at the end of the hall.

"Zigaretten?" she said, as soon as they were inside the door.

"Later, later," Loftus said.

He sat down on the edge of the dirty mattress and fumbled in his pocket for the pack of cigarettes. She stood in the middle of the room and watched him for a moment, then felt her way to the mattress and ran her thick fingers through his hair, hissing "Mach' schnell, mach' schnell!" He was nervous and his hands shook and it wasn't until she said "Zigaretten" again that he realized he'd dropped the pack of cigarettes. With a curse of impatience he reached for his flashlight, turned it on and pointed its short, bright beam across the floor. He located the cigarettes, picked them up and handed one to her. She reached for it hungrily and lifted it to her mouth. He followed her movements with the beam from the flashlight, focusing his blurred eyes first on the dirty shoes, then the tight print dress, and finally on a tan jerkin of smooth cowskin which she wore over the dress. Somewhere, somewhere, his tired, aroused and drunken brain signaled him. He had seen that thing before. He shined the light on it again and looked at it curiously. On the sleeve was an insignia, a swastika in a diamond with the letter H on top and the letter M beneath. His brain revolved around the half-remembered emblem. Try not to think about McGovern, the captain had said, but why at this time in this place should he think about McGovern. He had buried McGovern at the bottom of that Major's whisky bottle and now McGovern was here lying dead at his feet with the sniper's bullet leaving an ugly red hole in his friendly face. And somebody was calling to Loftus, "At least we got even for McGovern, at least we got the damn sniper," and when he looked up he noticed for the first time that the figure in overalls crumpled at the foot of the tree was a woman, a powerfully built woman with arms like a man and a strong jaw. The BAR man who shot her out of the tree waved a light tan jacket in the air. "This'll make a pretty nice souvenir, this HM in the swastika triangle, stands for, Hitler Madchen." "Fanatics, that's what they are," a sergeant had said, "goddam fanatics."

Loftus didn't remember standing up in



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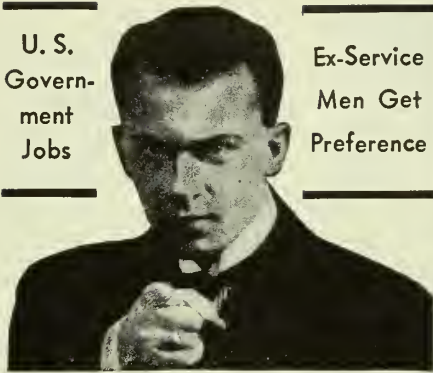
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that cellar room but he was on his feet, weaving a little, his brain seized with a passion of another kind. "Fanatic," he screamed. "You goddam fanatic," and he hurled the cigarettes into her startled, frightened face.

When he scrambled out over the pile of debris into the street, he could hear the sound of heavy bombers passing miles overhead, heading deeper into Germany. His outfit was up there somewhere, pinned down maybe, but getting ready for the next push, maybe the last. All he wanted now, besides a good night's sleep, was to get back to his outfit, his and McGovern's outfit, because that captain was crazy telling him not to think of McGovern. You could go nuts trying not to think about McGovern, you had to think about McGovern and how he died and who killed him. That's what Loftus had given four stinking years and five thousand bloody miles to find out, on the long way home to Delaney's bar.

TO BUY A HOUSE

(Continued from page 9)

and what the monthly costs will come to.

At the University of Illinois a Small Homes Council has been formed through cooperative action by the university staff, producers of building materials, financing agencies, and real estate brokers. This council is now conducting Home Planners' Institutes in many cities throughout the state where prospective purchasers of houses can learn how to judge the house they plan to buy or build.

The university bulletin lists among the preliminary costs (which should be added to the down payment): appraisal fee and commission of the lending agency; revenue stamps and notary fees; recording of the mortgage; legal fees for obtaining merchantable title; pro rata share of insurance already placed on the property.

The monthly costs include not only the payments on principal and interest, but also fixed items such as taxes and special assessments; insurance, upkeep; and (in certain places) monthly fees for water, sewer, and snow and ash removal.

Those items are from the viewpoint of the purchaser's economic status; that is, can he afford to pay the price? Now, is the property worth the price?

In putting a price tag on a house, real estate brokers recognize certain elements which add and others which detract. These are the immensely important community factors. How much are the taxes, and are they going to be much higher? Are schools, good, mediocre, poor? Is transportation adequate, and don't forget to investigate transportation for the children to and from schools? What about community utilities—water? sewers? street and sidewalk maintenance? Are there good neighbors; that is, do they seem to be keeping up their homes.

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or is the area beginning to downgrade? What about the zoning laws—could you keep chickens if you wanted to? Or, conversely, would it be possible for a neighbor to perfume your summer evenings with pigs or goats in his backyard? Is the house a great deal bigger or smaller than others around it? Are the domestic sewers and storm sewers adequate—or will the storm sewer back up into your basement at the first rainstorm? Is there a church of your preference close enough to suit you? Is there a shopping center conveniently located?

Then, how about the physical condition of the building, whether new or old. When was it built? Are there stains on the wall-paper indicating that the roof leaks and needs replacing? Is the furnace, plumbing, laundry equipment, and lighting fixtures each in good condition? How about the paint on the exterior? on interior trim? and on floors?

Let's assume that you've satisfied yourself that the proposed purchase is within your financial orbit and that the asking price seems justified. Here's a cold-blooded way of learning whether your glasses are rose colored: Ask a lending agency how much it will lend you on a first mortgage. They will have their appraiser go over the property—and you, too—with a fine-tooth comb. This will cost some money for the appraisal, but it will only be a fraction of the investment involved.

It is possible, of course, for the purchaser to employ his own independent appraiser.

There are three national organizations of appraisers working toward scientific methods of real estate valuations and professionalization of their specialized field. These are the American Institute of Real Estate Appraisers, the Society of Residential Appraisers, and the Society of Farm Managers and Rural Appraisers. Each of these has nationwide membership. The Federal Housing Administration has several thousand carefully selected appraisers throughout the country. The FHA also investigates the qualifications of its appraisers carefully, so its approval of a residential appraiser is

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Now, with the integrity of the broker established, with the price of the house carefully checked, with the physical condition of the building and the soundness of the neighborhood established, and with your own ability to pay determined, the final step is the technical problem of transferring the title from the owner to you. Here the real estate broker as well as the layman must employ trained technicians—or run the risk of serious loss. This cannot be too strongly stressed.

The first concrete step usually is the written offer to buy the house on certain terms which the buyer stipulates. Most brokers have a printed form for this which shows the amount of down payment to be made and all other items. The buyer should read this before he signs it—including the fine print.

Accompanying this offer to buy the property there must usually be a substantial amount of money. This is called "earnest money" in most places. This money is to prove the buyer's earnestness, his willingness to go through with the transaction if his terms are accepted, and his readiness to forfeit his earnest money if he decides to back out at the last minute.

GI Joe and Jane need to be especially careful right here if they are depending on the much-publicized GI Bill of Rights to guarantee part of the mortgage money with which they intend to purchase the property. There's many a slip between the cup of applying for a loan guarantee and the lip of granting. And in some instances the seller has refused to return the veteran's earnest money deposit when the Veterans' Administration turned down the application for guarantee and the loan couldn't go through.

The Grand Rapids, Michigan, Real Estate Board meets this problem by a "GI Purchase Rider" to be attached to the purchase agreement, which says:

"It is expressly agreed that if (1) the veteran's application is denied by the Veterans' Administration or if (2) financ-



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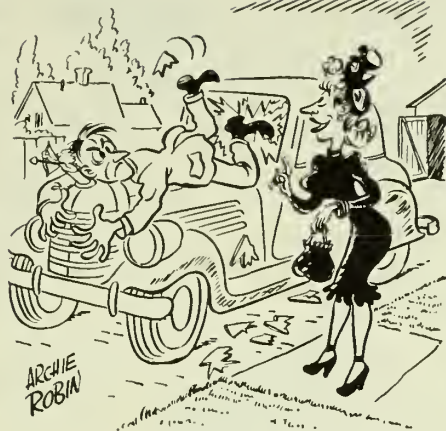
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ing cannot be arranged under the Act and the Regulations pursuant thereto within _____days, stipulated above, then this rider agreement and the Authorized Purchase Agreement shall become null and void, provided, however, that in case the veteran's application is denied within the period of grace stipulated above the veteran shall be allowed five days from the date the denial is made known to secure other financing. The deposit in the amount of \$_____made by the buyer shall be returned to him promptly, less only expenditures authorized by the buyer in writing."

This document has proved to be legally binding protection for the veteran. All veterans would do well to insist on such a provision.

The actual transfer of title of the property and the final closing are next in order. Probably more grief and expense arise out of improper title transfers than any other phase of real estate owning. The title document is a peculiar creature. It never stops growing, and is subject to more ills than any growing child. Every transfer increases the length of the title's history and adds another chance of error. Around this fact has grown up a big industry of title abstracters, title insurance, and title guaranty companies, and of lawyers and technicians specializing in conveyancing in its several aspects. They are necessary to guard against errors which might creep in during a transfer.

Another common oversight is accurate fixing of boundaries of the property. Court histories are crammed with tedious and costly procedures in untangling mistakes of this kind. Yet it is simple to have a survey made and mistakes corrected.

Chances for honest error are many. One pamphlet issued by a broker's organization lists 63 items he is to check before closing the deal. The average layman cannot expect to, nor does he need to be an expert in real estate. He can, however, learn enough about real estate transactions to protect himself from incompetent brokers, dishonesty, and technical errors.

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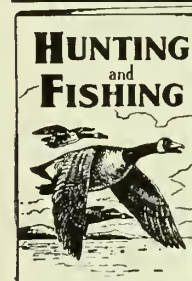
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PRICELESS TREASURE

(Continued from page 15)

of the little Heddens, of whom there were eventually eight, did not look too bright. Hedden, senior, was addicted to the reading of gaudy literature extolling the prosperity and contentment of Florida's farmers. And when Charles was a very small boy his father sold his place in Illinois and bought a farm at Haw Creek, Florida.

They found the going tough. But in 1916 the senior Hedden bought a year-old Model T. In almost nothing flat Charley reduced it to its component parts, buckets and baskets full of loose bolts, nuts and gears. Then he put it together again, and the car ran better than before.

Very soon thereafter he went to Jacksonville, where he got a job as an automobile mechanic. Here he discovered a new and enthralling interest. At one end of the garage was an electrical department where, whenever his boss would let him, he worked on magnetos, coils, condensers and such.

In 1926 Hedden went back to auto repairing, this time in a garage which possessed as a sideline a department selling and repairing that new and impractical device, the radio. By this Hedden was captivated. He bought all the radio magazines he could afford and spent every evening puttering with new circuits and building new sets. In 1929 he went to New York to work as a machinist, but attended trade school at night to study radio.

Now he knew his destiny, to learn enough and to save enough to start a small radio repair shop. This he eventually did, picking Tampa as the site because his father, mother and a few of his seven brothers and sisters had moved there.

But this buried treasure of Gasparillas, back there in 1932: At first he experimented with radio frequencies. Result, frustration. Then, wandering far from accepted paths, he tried audio frequencies, and there he had it. He combined a transmitter and a receiver circuit, putting them in a state of balance which cancelled each other out. When a metal object, no matter how tiny, came within the magnetic field of the "searching head," it upset this balance and set up an oscillation which could be heard in earphones, or, if desired, could be amplified by audio tubes until it rang bells, blew whistles and ran the flag to the top of the pole.

So there it was, crude but workable. Hedden, with the man who had suggested the idea and a couple of other confirmed treasure-hunters spent nearly three years searching Charlotte Harbor, Gasparilla Island and the adjacent landscape. The new instrument found metal, plenty of it. Old anchors, automobile chasses, practically everything but gold. So they gave up.

By this time his peripatetic parents had moved to Miami, so Hedden and his family

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decided that they would move there too.

One day he showed Wade Stiles, who owns a lime grove in the Florida Keys, and James E. Henry, a retired businessman, another device upon which he had been working.

This was a metal detector to be placed beneath the conveyor belts which in the cigar factories carry tobacco to the workers at their benches. When a hob nail, or an old bolt, or some bit of metal trash whimsically tucked in a bale of tobacco to increase its weight, came down the belt with the fragrant leaves the detector sprang into instant action. The conveyor stopped and an automatic wiper swept both metal and a narrow segment of tobacco into a container.

Both Henry and Stiles saw commercial possibilities in this device. It could, they perceived, be of value in factories which manufactured paper, felt, rubber or almost any product whose quality is not enhanced by random bits of metal. The two businessmen, joined by a young Miami lawyer, William W. Muir, formed a tiny corporation, of which Henry became president, Hedden vice-president and Stiles secretary. Hedden's new associates each chipped into the pot in a very modest way and Hedden, with an exceedingly frugal drawing account, went happily to work with his experiments, tapering off on his radio repair chores until he finally closed his store and moved his equipment to the two-car garage behind his house.

Came, as the movies have it, war in Europe. The Italians were causing the British many casualties with land mines in Africa. This, Hedden decided, was his dish. To his treasure-locator, metal was metal, whether steel or gold. Stiles, who had become contact man for the little company, trekked to Washington to present the device to the National Inventors Council, whose duty it was to screen the flood of ideas and inventions, some balmy beyond belief, which were presented to the U. S. Army and Navy each month. With enthusiasm they fell upon Hedden's mine-detector—and promptly screened it out.

A little later it was learned that the Engineers Board of the Army was seeking a really practical mine-detector. Up went Stiles again and Hedden's device outperformed, by a wide margin, all other models being tested. It was, however, too large, being a two-man model, bulky and cumbersome. In two weeks, working 20 hours a day, Hedden compressed it into a compact, one-man instrument which is, in all essentials, the same detector which is being used today. It was accepted by the Army. but now came a new complication.

Hedden Metal Locators, Inc., while managing to keep Hedden and his family in groceries, had neither the funds nor the facilities with which to manufacture the detectors. So, with the Army's help, arrangements were made whereby a large

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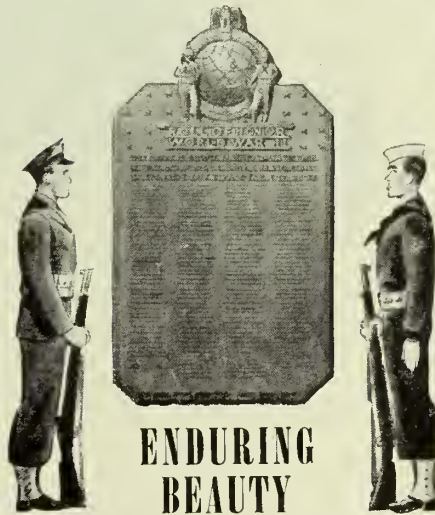
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maker of electrical devices would turn them out on a royalty basis. But what royalty? The Army had not the vaguest idea how many instruments it would require. The best estimate was not large. Therefore a sliding scale of royalties was agreed upon and with happy innocence Hedden and his associates signed a clause which stipulated that all royalties were to cease when Hedden Metal Locators, Inc., had received a total of \$50,000.

To this writing the Army has ordered more than \$67,000,000 worth. And Hedden now broods quietly, realizing that if they had held out for only 2 percent, considered very reasonable in the best inventing circles, he and his associates would already have split one and a third million dollars.

With this \$50,000, however, the little company was, comparatively speaking, in the money. A dividend was promptly declared which returned to the investors what they had put in. The rest was earmarked for further research because Hedden was, and is, a man of ideas. For example, he compressed the mine detector to a hand-sized instrument which prison guards wave at and around persons who call to visit convicts. If, in an excess of good-will toward the prisoner, the visitor happens to be packing a gun, or a handy little set of files, the gadget screams in outrage.

This led to another modification of the instrument, one which was developed at the urgent request of the U. S. Secret Service. Details of this are restricted, but a bit of advice is in order: If you have concealed about you any hardware larger, say, than a cigarette case, stay well away from the President of the United States. For this masterpiece, developed in 60 days by working around the clock, Hedden and his backers received the princely sum of \$2000.

A few weeks ago Hedden was summoned to Washington to confer about a problem which was causing hair to drop in large and untidy patches from some of the best scientific heads in the country. The Office of Rubber Reserve needed desperately to find an instrument which would detect an unduly large percent of water content in synthetic rubber. Technicians with scores of honorary degrees appended to their names had failed to solve the problem. Slowly turning this over in his mind, the boyish-looking little man with the Florida accent told the scientists that he thought he could do it. But there was one serious difficulty, he added hesitantly. His little company had not made enough money to finance him through the 60 to 90 days it would probably take him to develop this device. How much would he need?

Officials and scientists waited in stony silence while Hedden figured his time, his expenses and the cost of the new laboratory equipment he might require. At length he drew a long breath. He might need as much as \$5000, he confessed. And he is still astonished at the speed with which they accepted his estimate. Returning to Miami,

he partially dismantled his own laboratory and shipped six boxes of equipment to a synthetic rubber plant in West Virginia, where elaborate research facilities are available. At this moment he is probably putting away, wishful only to finish the job so he can return to Miami to polish off another idea or two.

One of these is a gadget he calls the "Tire Scanner." It is about the size of a bathroom scale and finished in white enamel. Place it close to a tire, revolve the wheel upon which the tire is mounted, and the thing will scream in agony if a nail or even the tiniest of pins goes by. He has offered this to a large manufacturer on a royalty basis. At about \$20 each, he hopes that every filling station in the country will buy one. He also hopes, a trifle wistfully, that Hedden Metal Locators, Inc., will make a little money out of it.

Then he has perfected a device which will make life almost unendurable for the gentry whose hobby it is to burgle darkened stores by night. A tiny, one-tube audio-frequency transmitter, cost about \$10, is installed in a police car. For about \$50 a store owner may buy the companion instrument. The officer in the prowl car flips a switch as he approaches a store equipped with Hedden's gimmick. Instantly every

light in the place flashes on and the officer has a good look as he drives by.

Hedden and his pleasant, understanding wife now live in a modest two-story house on the northern edge of Miami. His garage has work benches on three sides, the fourth being wholly open to the sun and air. Here Hedden works, when he is chasing a vagrant idea, which he almost always is, until he is about ready to fall down, and he admits very apologetically that when he is baffled by a problem, he is "sort of hard to get along with." But Mrs. Hedden can get along with him, though I did gather that she wished inventors made just a little more money.

On his last trip north to confer with the scientists and technicians anent the moisture-detector for synthetic rubber, Hedden made a remarkable discovery. "You know," he confided to me, shyly pleased, "they seemed to think pretty well of me."

Hedden invented a successful treasure-locator, all right. I don't know whether it has found any pirates' gold or not. But I do know there must be thousands, perhaps scores of thousands, of American boys who still have their lives and limbs because it did find the lethal metal the Germans and Italians and Japs had buried. So somehow it seems his invention succeeded.



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